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BALDWIN AND BENDER'S FIFTH READER

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

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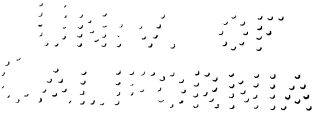

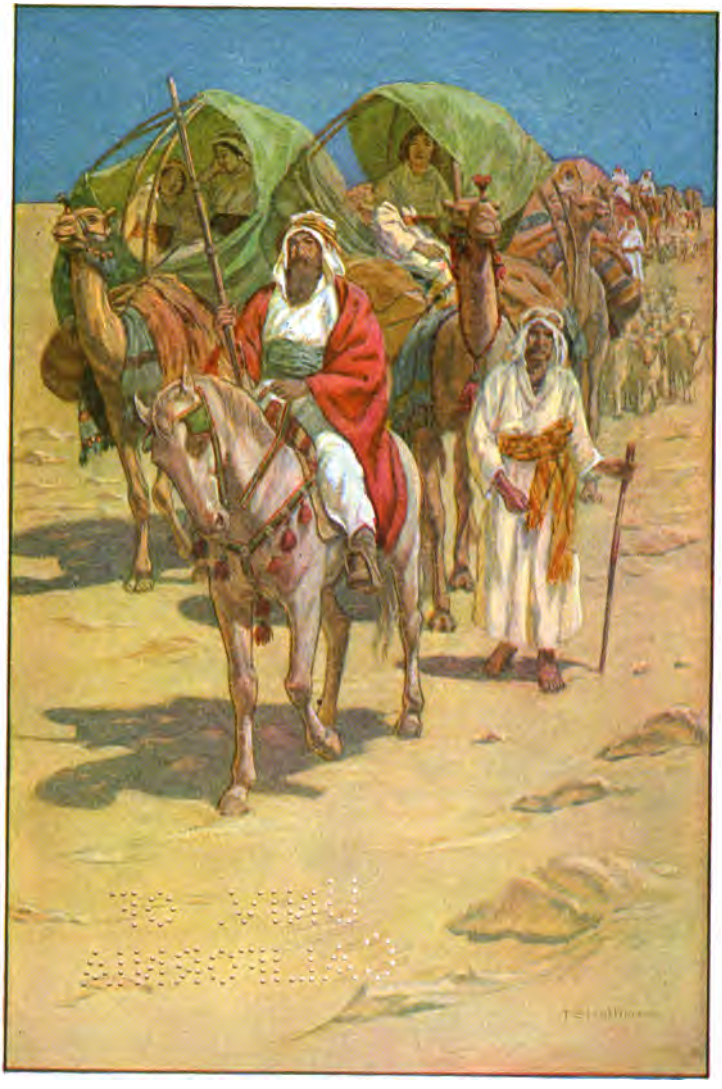

The Desert Wanderers

(See page 148)

READING WITH EXPRESSION

FIFTH READER

BY

JAMES BALDWIN

AUTHOR OF "SCHOOL READING BY GRADES — BALDWIN'S READERS," "HARPER'S READERS," ETC.

AND

IDA C. BENDER

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY GRADES, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

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B. & B. FIFTH READER.

W. P. I

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TO THE TEACHER

THE design of this series of School Readers is to help children to acquire the art and the habit of reading well — that is, of interpreting the printed page in such manner as to give pleasure and instruction to themselves and to those who listen to them. The selections throughout have been chosen with reference both to their literary and educative value and to their fitness for practice in expressive oral reading. All the lessons in this volume are easily within the comprehension of pupils in the fifth-year grades of the public schools.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended to assist in securing correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, a clear understanding of what is being read, and the intelligible and pleasing oral rendering of the printed page. These notes should be carefully studied by both teacher and pupils.

Among other characteristic features, the following are to be especially noted: (1) the adaptation of the lessons to the seasons of the year in which they will most usually be studied; (2) the arrangement, in groups, of certain selections that relate to similar subjects or that require similar methods of study and recitation; (3) the interesting quality of the historical and biographical stories; (4) the many

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selections relating to nature, and especially those which inculcate lessons of kindness to all living creatures; (5) the numerous lessons which, without being didactic, are calculated to inspire worthy and noble ideas of life and duty; (6) the group of interesting letters by famous persons, a feature which appears in each book of the series above the third; (7) the frequent introduction of stories and poems which readily lend themselves to dramatization, and also the little play near the end of the volume — features which are of much value in the practice of expressive reading; (8) the constant care to cultivate in the minds of young learners a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression, thus pointing the way to an acquaintance with the best books in our language.

The exercises under the head of "Word Study" at the end of the volume are designed to supplement the "Expression" notes, and they should be the subject of daily reference and study.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

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UNIV. OF
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FIFTH READER

THE GREAT WAVE[1]

In one of the islands of Japan there was once a pleasant little village close by the sea. There was but one street in the village, and the houses on one side of it were built so near to the shore that the waves at high tide came to within a few feet of the doors.

Behind the houses and the street there was a steep hill, or bluff, and stretching from the top of this there was a broad, level plain. On this plain the people of the village had their rice fields, upon which they depended for the greater part of their food.

One evening in autumn there was a feast in the village. It was a time of thanksgiving; for the harvest had been very good. The rice crop was larger than ever before, but it was not yet threshed from the straw. It was piled up in huge stacks in the fields, and on the morrow the threshing was to begin.

Although it was yet early twilight, the long street was lighted with gayly colored lanterns. All the

[1] A story of Japan retold.

villagers were out of doors. The children were romping and playing. The older people were walking or talking or sitting in groups by the seashore.

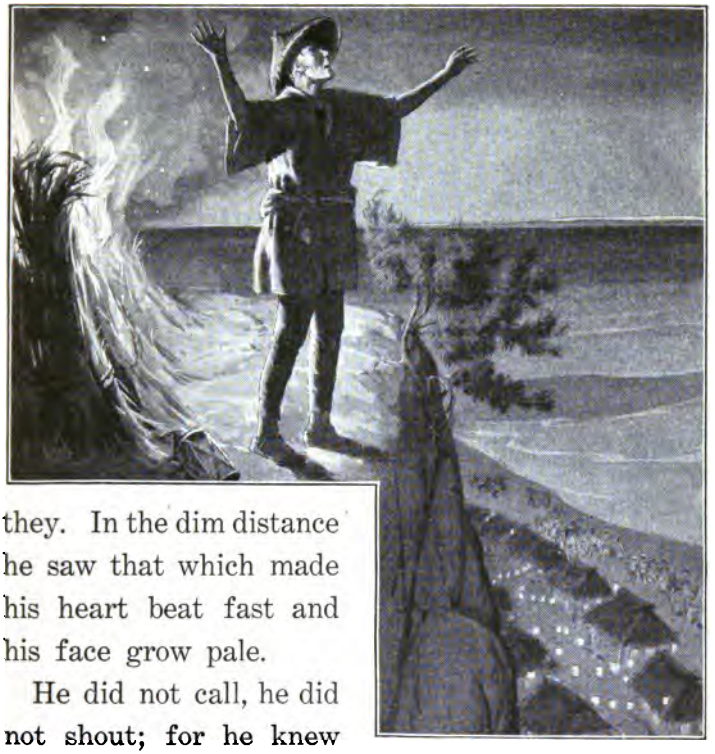
Only one person was absent from the merrymaking, and that was an old man who, with his lantern in his hand, had gone to the top of the bluff to look at his stacks of rice. He was about to return to the village when suddenly there was a shaking of the ground beneath him. He knew that it was an earthquake; he had felt many earthquakes in his lifetime.

He stood still and looked down upon the happy village and the merry street. The children were running and playing as before. The young men and young women were dancing. The older people were still talking and walking. They had all felt earthquakes before and were not alarmed.

The old man saw all this, and he thought it was a pleasant sight, indeed. Then he looked at the sea, and a great fear came upon him. The waves were unlike any he had ever seen before. The water appeared to be running away from the land.

The men and women on the beach also noticed the strange movements of the sea. They were not alarmed, for they thought that these were caused only by the tide.

But the old man on the hill could see farther than



they. In the dim distance he saw that which made his heart beat fast and his face grow pale.

He did not call, he did not shout; for he knew that his voice could not be heard in the village. But he ran quickly to his stacks of rice; he lifted the burning candle from his lantern, and touched the flame to the dry straw. In a moment there was a tremendous blaze, lighting up the village and the hill and the plain beyond.

The people below saw it, and were astonished. Then with one accord every man, woman, and

child rushed up the side of the bluff, intent upon saving as many of the rice stacks as possible.

"How did it happen?" they all inquired.

The man pointed to the sea, shouting, "Look!"

They looked. In the dim twilight they saw a little way out to sea a long, foam-capped wave — a wave that grew rapidly larger as they gazed. Then the whole sea seemed piled up like a wall, and coming shoreward faster than a bird can fly.

There was a shock like that of thunder. The wave struck the shore with a force that made the earth shudder. A shower of spray was dashed to the very top of the bluff where the villagers were standing. Then, where the children had so lately been playing, there was a turmoil of fierce waters which hid the shore from sight.

In the light of the burning rice stacks the people huddled together and looked upon the fearful scene; and scarcely a word was spoken. Of all the homes in the village, not one remained standing. Only the straw roofs were seen floating away on the waves.

"I saw it coming," said the old man gently, "and that is why I did it. It was the only way."

He had destroyed the whole of his rice crop, and had now nothing to call his own. But he had saved the lives of four hundred men, women, and children.

THE CAPTIVE[1]

A mother squirrel had been captured in the hazel bush, and was carried to a farmhouse close by. All the folks on the farm — both young and old — were delighted with the pretty creature. They admired its bushy tail, its wise, inquisitive eyes, and its dainty little feet. They intended to amuse themselves all summer by watching its nimble movements and its droll play.

They immediately put in order an old squirrel cage with a little square house and a wire-cylinder wheel. The little house had both doors and windows, and the squirrel was to use it as dining room and bedroom. For this reason they placed therein a bed of leaves, a bowl of milk, and some nuts. The cylinder wheel was to be her playhouse, where she could run and climb and swing round.

The people believed that they had arranged things very comfortably for the squirrel, and they were astonished because she didn't seem contented. She sat in a corner of her room, very moody and downcast. Every now and again, she would let out a shrill, agonized cry. She would not touch food. She would not play in her wheel.

[1] From "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlöf.

"It must be because she's so frightened," said the farmer folk. "To-morrow, when she feels more at home, she will both eat and play."

Meanwhile the women in the house were making ready for a feast. They had had bad luck with their baking; either the dough wouldn't rise, or something else had happened, for they were obliged to work long after dark.

Of course there was a great deal of excitement and bustle in the kitchen, and probably no one there took time to think about the squirrel, or to wonder how she was getting on. But there was a kind grandmother in the house who was too aged to take a hand in the baking. She understood this, and yet she did not like the idea of being left out of the game. She felt rather downhearted; and so she did not go to bed, but seated herself by the sitting-room window and looked out.

They had opened the kitchen door on account of the heat; and through it a clear ray of light streamed out. The yard and the shed beyond it were so well lighted up that the grandmother could see everything they contained. She saw the squirrel cage, for it hung in the shed just where the light shone clearest. She noticed how the squirrel kept running, all the time, from her room to the wheel, and from the wheel

to her room, never stopping an instant. She wondered at the animal's unrest, but believed that the strong light kept her awake.

As the night wore on, the grandmother saw a tiny creature no bigger than your hand cautiously make his way through the gate at the end of the yard. He was dressed in leather overalls and wooden shoes. His droll little face, half hidden by his long, grayish beard, was beaming with kindness. The grandmother knew at once that he was a brownie, and she was not at all afraid. She had always heard that a brownie lived somewhere about the place, but she had never seen him before; and a brownie was sure to bring good luck.

As soon as the little fellow came into the yard, he ran right up to the squirrel cage. Since it was hung so high that he could not reach it, he went over to the storehouse for a long iron rod; and when he had found it, he leaned it up against the wall by the cage. Then he swung himself up, hand over hand, just as a sailor climbs a rope.

When he reached the cage, he shook the door as if he wished to open it; but the children had fastened it with a padlock, as they feared that the boys on the neighboring farm might try to steal the squirrel.

The grandmother saw that when the brownie could

not open the door, he went to the wire wheel where the squirrel was looking out. There they talked together for a long time; and then the little fellow slid down the rod to the ground and ran out through the gate.

The grandmother did not expect to see anything more of the brownie, but she remained at the window. To her surprise, he soon came back. He was in such a hurry that his feet hardly touched the ground as he rushed right up to the squirrel cage.

The grandmother saw him plainly, and she saw that he carried something in his hands; but what it was, she couldn't imagine. The thing he carried in

his left hand he laid down on the ground; but that which he held in his right hand he took with him to the cage. He kicked on the little window till the glass was broken; and then he pushed in the thing which he held in his hand.

Quickly he slid down the rod; he took up that which he had laid upon the ground; he climbed up to the cage with that also. The next instant he ran off through the gate, so fast that the grandmother could hardly see him.

The grandmother was so much excited that she could no longer sit by the window. She went out into the yard and stood in the shadow of the pump to wait for the brownie's return. Presently she heard a clatter on the pavement, and saw the little fellow trotting along with a burden in each hand as before.

That which he bore squealed and squirmed; and now a new thought came to the good grandmother. She understood that the brownie had hurried down to the hazel grove and brought the mother squirrel's babies to her. He was carrying them to her so that they shouldn't starve to death.

The grandmother stood very still, and she thought that the brownie had not noticed her. He was just going to lay one of the babies on the ground so that he could swing himself up to the cage with the other,

when whom should he see but the house cat crouching in the shadows close by! The cat's green eyes were fixed upon him. He stood there, bewildered, with a tiny squirrel in each hand.

He looked around anxiously, and saw the grandmother. Then he walked forward boldly, stretched his arms as high as he could reach, and offered her one of the baby squirrels.

The kind woman did not wish to prove herself unworthy of the little fellow's confidence. She stooped down and took the baby squirrel; she held it till the brownie had swung himself up to the cage with the other; then he came back for the one he had intrusted to her care.

The next morning at breakfast the good grandmother could not refrain from telling what she had seen the night before. Everybody laughed at her, of course, and said that she had been dreaming. There were no baby squirrels so early in the spring; and, as for the brownie, nobody believed there was such a creature.

But she was sure that she was right, and begged them to go out and take a look into the squirrel cage. This they did. And there on the bed of leaves lay four tiny half-naked, half-blind baby squirrels that were at least two days old.

When the farmer himself saw the helpless creatures, he said, "Be this as it may, one thing is certain: we, on this farm, have behaved in such a manner that we are shamed before both animals and human beings."

Then he took the mother squirrel and all her young ones from the cage, and laid them in the grandmother's lap. "Go out to the hazel grove with them," he said, "and let them have their freedom and their own home."

This event was much talked about in the neighborhood, and was even related in the newspapers. A great many people would not believe the story; but that was because they could not understand how any such thing could have happened.

EXPRESSION: Read again the story of "The Great Wave." Now describe (1) the place, (2) the time, (3) the actors. Who is the principal character in that story? What kind of man do you think he was? Read the last three paragraphs of the story; then describe the picture that is called up in your mind. Try to imitate the old man's manner of expression as he spoke.

Read again the story of the captive mother squirrel. Who is the principal character in that story? Read the description of the brownie. Read what the farmer said and try to imitate his tone and manner.

WORD STUDY: *square, squirrel, squealed, squirmed; imagine; excitement; cautiously; anxiously.*

THE SQUIRREL [1]

How pleasant are these bright, sunny autumn days when the air is crisp with the suggestion of frost! It is now that children in the country wait anxiously for a holiday when they may hurry off to the woods in search of nuts.

Hurry as fast as they can, they are very likely to find that some little busy-body has been ahead of them and, without bag or basket to help him, has carried away a great many of the nuts. He has not gathered them merely for amusement, but because he must store them up for food during the long, cold, winter months.

[1] From the " Nature Guard."

This earnest little worker is the gray squirrel. The children will hear him scolding them roundly from the top of a tree, as if trying to drive them away from what he considers his own property. Would you become better acquainted with this bright little animal? Let us study some of his habits.

Every day, about noon time, the squirrel retires to his nest for a nap and short rest; but aside from this, he is always busy from morning till night. He scampers from one part of the woods to another; he searches in this place and in that for food; he bounds playfully from tree to tree. The ease with which he springs from bough to bough is truly wonderful; but he seldom leaps directly from a tree to the ground.

Squirrels build their summer nests in the fork of a tree or on some large branch. They do not bring their materials up from the ground, but bite off the small green branches and dead twigs that grow near. After these are laid in place, they break off bunches of leaves and join all together in such a way as to form a strong, firm nest. Sometimes they line the nest with moss which they have gathered from the bark of the tree.

For their winter nest they select a hollow in a tree, where they are sheltered from the cold winds, the

rain, and the snow. Often a family of four or five squirrels live together in the same home.

Gray squirrels are easily tamed when they are young. While some of them are gentle, playful pets, others are inclined to be cross and will probably bite the hand that would caress them.

In the large city parks there are usually many squirrels. These become quite gentle and quickly learn to come when called, sitting up on their hind legs and reaching out for the nut or other dainty which is offered them. Some will even venture to hunt in one's pockets for choice bits of food.

The squirrel has many enemies, such as the weasel, the fox, and the hawk. A hawk flying alone in search of food is not a very dangerous foe, for the squirrel can easily take care of himself by dodging among the trees. But when two hawks are hunting together, he is likely to become confused, and, while hiding from one, fall into the clutches of the other.

The gray squirrel often leaves his home and travels long distances. Just why he does this, no one knows. If rivers or lakes are in his way, he swims bravely across them. It is said that sometimes he pushes a piece of bark into the water, seats himself upon it, and using his bushy tail as a sail, drifts before the wind to the opposite shore.

The Squirrel's Problem

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat;
Of what was he thinking so earnestly,
And what was he looking at?

He was solving a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he
How many nuts for his winter's store
He could hide in that hollow tree.

He sat so still on the swaying bough
That he seemed almost asleep.
But, no; I suppose he was reckoning now
How many nuts he could keep.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran;
"The best way to do, I have no doubt,
Is to gather all that I can."

Word-Study: Learn to spell and pronounce the following words. Copy them, and divide them into syllables.

acquainted	*busy-body*	*earnestly*	*probably*
amusement	*dangerous*	*materials*	*property*
animal	*dodging*	*merely*	*suggestion*
asleep	*enemies*	*opposite*	*usually*

THE LITTLE LAND[1]

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet,
Down the green and grassy street.

[1] From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass
  And on high
See the greater swallows pass
  In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it ;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
These have sure to battle been ! —

Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone; —
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain;
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb —
And talking nonsense all the time —
  Oh, dear me!
  That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
  And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

EXPRESSION: — Read this poem silently and think of yourself in Fairyland among the Little People. Name the little things that you would see in the clover and the grass, and the larger ones that fly overhead. Now read the poem aloud, so as to tell what you have seen and what you think.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

In some parts of Ireland the people tell strange tales about a little shoemaker who lives by himself in a wonderful cave deep down in the ground. He is a kind of brownie, and he does nothing but make shoes. All day long, year after year, he sits on his bench and works at his trade.

The shoes which he makes are very small; for they are made for the fairies to wear. He sells these shoes at so high a price that he has grown very rich. Once, in Tipperary, a very tiny shoe, too small for the smallest baby, was found in the street; and for many years it was shown and talked about as a shoe which the fairy shoemaker had made and lost.

Nobody who is now living has ever seen this wonderful shoemaker. But people say that if you go to

the right place at exactly the right time, and put your ear to the ground, you may hear the "tap, tap" of his little hammer. And there are many persons who believe that if you can catch him and hold him for a minute, you may have anything that you wish for.

The boys who drive the cows from the pastures on the hills are always on the lookout for the little fellow when he comes up to enjoy the evening air. They sometimes hear him, but they never catch him.

The Cowboy and the Shoemaker

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
  On the top of this lonely hill?
Only the flitting yellow bird
  Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?

Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of shoemaker singing shrill
    As he merrily plies his trade?
      He's a span
      And a quarter in height.
      Get him in sight, hold him tight,
      And you're a made man.

"Tip tap, rip rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle ditch, where foxglove grows, —
A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,

Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron, shoe in his lap —

"Rip rap, tip tap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
(A grasshopper on my cap!
Away, away it flew!)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well
When the job is done!"

The rogue was mine beyond a doubt.
I stared at him, he stared at me;
"Servant, sir!" "Humph!" said he,
And pulled a snuffbox out.
He took a pinch, looked better pleased,
The queer little man in brown;
Then he offered the box with whimsical grace,
And, puff! he flung the dust in my face —
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

EXPRESSION: Read the description of the fairy shoemaker. Describe him in your own words: (*a*) his size; (*b*) his face; (*c*) his dress. Compare him with the brownie described on page 17. Repeat his song.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

I

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
    The cows are coming home.
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow —
  Ko-kling, ko-klang, ko-klingle-lingle,
  Up through the darkening dingle
    The cows come slowly home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos, and threes, and single,
    The cows are coming home.
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
  To-ring, to-rang, to-ringle-ringle,
  By threes, and fours, and single,
    The cows are coming home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home.
And over there on the wooded hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dewdrops hang from the leafy vines,
And bright the star of evening shines,
And silent is the dusty mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-lingle-lingle,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

II

Mooly cow, mooly cow, have you not been
Regaling all day where the pastures are green?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear mooly, to see
The clear running brook and the wide-spreading tree,
The clover to crop, and the streamlet to wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the shade;—
But now it is night, and they're waiting for you."
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-oo-oo!"

EXPRESSION: What picture does this call into your mind? In the country, children drive the cows home in the evening; some of the cows have bells hung to their necks. Imitate the sounds of these bells. What does the mooly cow say? Tell of some other sounds that may be heard on the farm in the evening.

THE MERRY FIDDLER

All summer long a merry little fiddler has been living close by your back door. You may not have seen him, for he is very small; but he has watched you many a time with his bright eyes.

When the summer is over and the nights begin to grow cold, this little fiddler will be glad to come into your warm house and spend the winter. He is so small that he will never be in the way, and you will have to look sharp if you see him at all. But in the evening, when everything else is still, you may hear him playing on his tiny violin.

"How does he look? What is his name?" you ask.

I will tell you. The little fiddler has a short thick body about an inch long. He wears a dark brown suit which matches his little brown face. He has five eyes and six legs. He has also four wings, although he seldom flies.

When he is feeling quite happy and contented, he rubs one wing over another, somewhat as a boy draws a bow over the strings of a violin. This makes a soft, chirping sound, and so we say he is playing his violin. His name is Cricket, a word which means chirper.

The cricket belongs to a large family. He has many small cousins who live in trees and bushes, and many large cousins who live in holes in the ground; but none of them can make such music as he makes.

In some countries the people think so much of crickets that the children keep them in small cages lined with grass. The little insects will chirp all day if they are well fed and kindly treated.

Poets and story-tellers have always admired crickets, and some have told pretty stories or written fine poems about them. I will repeat one of these stories which I once read in a very old book.

Once upon a time, the king of a certain country offered a prize to any one in his kingdom who could play the most skillfully upon a violin. Many musicians came to try for the prize, and among them was a

poor young fiddler who was known only for his gentleness of heart and his kindness to all living creatures.

The king sat upon his throne to listen to the music. The judges stood in their places. One by one the players performed upon their instruments.

When the time came for the young fiddler to play, he began merrily in time and tune. He moved his bow deftly across the strings, and the music which he made was so gay and sweet that all the listeners said to themselves, "Surely, the prize will be his."

Then suddenly a string snapped. "There! there!" he said to himself, "I have lost the prize."

But he kept on playing; and the next time his finger felt for the broken string he was surprised to hear the very note which he wished to sound. He looked and saw a cricket sitting on his violin; and every time that the broken string was needed, the little chirper would sound the wanting note.

And thus, by the cricket's help, the merry young fiddler won the prize.

"Thank you, my little friend," he said.

"I did it because you are so gentle and kind," answered the cricket.

Here is another story of a cricket which is quite different, but which you will like to read. It is a very

old story and is said to have been related by Æsop, a famous maker of fables who lived more than two thousand years ago. Perhaps you have read it before in some simpler form.

The Cricket and the Ant

A silly young cricket accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of summer and spring,
Was sadly surprised when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.
Not a crumb could be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain;
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow —
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant
and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,
"Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
"Go, then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

So slamming the door in the poor cricket's face,
He went and sat down in his warm, cozy place.
Then he said, "I am sure
I'd be very, very poor
If I idled away
Every warm summer day;
And I think that this rule is both right and good,
He who lives without work must go without food."

EXPRESSION: Repeat the title of this lesson. Do you think it a good title? Give all the reasons you can for your answer.

Repeat in your own words the story of the music contest. Repeat the story of the appeal to the ant.

What disposition does the first story show the cricket to have? What disposition does the second story show it to have? Which do you think is the more desirable?

A LITTLE HISTORY

I. The Tomboy

About three hundred years ago there lived not far from the James River, in what is now the state of Virginia, a little girl whose name was Matoax. She was an Indian girl, handsome and merry, with bright, black eyes and long, black hair which she was fond of adorning with feathers.

She had not many dresses. The one which she wore most of the time was a sort of frock of soft, dressed deerskin, fringed and trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. Her leggings and moccasins were also of deerskin, and instead of a cloak she

wore a coarse warm blanket, with red and yellow stripes on it.

All children who have studied history have heard of this Indian girl, but by another name. She was so full of life, so fond of play, and so much braver than other girls, that her father gave her the nickname of Pocahontas, or "tomboy." When the Englishmen who had lately come to the James River asked him the name of his daughter, he promptly answered, "Pocahontas."

The Indians in the great forest of Virginia had a queer notion that it was unlucky to tell any one's name to strangers. So they concealed the child's true name, Matoax, and the white men always knew her by her nickname. So, also, while her father's real name was Wa-hun-son-a-cook, he was known only as the Powhatan, which in the Indian language meant "the king."

Matoax and all her family and relatives lived in a long, low house, made of bark and boughs. The house contained several small rooms separated from each other by curtains of skins; and in front there was a long passageway, which ran the whole length of the house. In this passageway were the fireplaces — shallow pits dug in the ground, with openings in the roof above them, to let the smoke out.

One winter morning, when it was too cold to play

out of doors, Matoax and her companions were having a grand frolic in the long passageway. The spaces between the fires gave them plenty of room, and there they were jumping and whirling around in dizzy circles. It was fine exercise, and great fun.

"Now, see me whirl!" shouted the tomboy. Then, after a hop, skip, and jump, she began to whirl round and round like a wheel or a big humming top.

Just at this moment, Rabunta, the Indian runner, burst into the house with great news to tell the Powhatan. He was in such haste that he did not notice the whirling child. He ran plump against her — thump! bump! — and both rolled over into the nearest fireplace. But they leaped out as quickly as they had fallen in, and neither was hurt.

Everybody laughed; for Indians love a rough joke. Matoax was scolded sharply, and sent out to help her mother grind corn; and the runner hurried away to find the Powhatan and tell his great news.

Great news indeed it was to the Indians in that little village. What was it? The white captain, John Smith, had been taken prisoner — he was even then being brought to the council house of the Powhatan.

"Good! good!" said the great chief. "Tell me how it happened, Rabunta."

So Rabunta told the whole story. "The white cap-

tain was in camp with only two of his men. Your brother, the second chief, saw him there and set upon him with two hundred braves. It was easy to slay his two companions, but the white captain has a charmed life. He lifted his thunder-stick and the fire poured from it more than once. How many of our braves were hurt I cannot tell. The white chief would have gotten away from us had he not fallen into a quagmire. Oh, but he is a great brave!"

Then the Powhatan and all the red men who were with him repeated, "Yes, he is a great brave!" And they made ready to receive the prisoner.

II. The White Captain

At length the white captain arrived, guarded by two hundred braves. He was led into the great council house. The Powhatan stood at one end of the room, a cape of raccoon skins on his shoulders and a crown of eagle's feathers on his head.

The warriors stood in rows on each side, and they too were dressed in furs and feathers. Behind the warriors, the Indian women stood, curious to see the famous white chief. Their necks were painted red; their heads were covered with the white down of birds; over their shoulders hung strings of beads.

All the Indians shouted when the prisoner was led

in. The mother of Matoax brought water for him to wash his hands. Another woman gave him a bundle of feathers to use as a towel. After this they brought him food. They gave him such a dinner as he had not had for many a day.

"Yes, he is a great brave!" they said to one another.

"Now what shall we do with this prisoner we have taken?" asked the Powhatan.

Some of his warriors said one thing, some another. But the most of them thought that if the white captain were put out of the way, the English people would soon go back to their own country and give them no more trouble.

"But he is so brave and so wise," said the Powhatan, "it is a pity to do him harm."

Then others spoke and told of the harm that might come to the Indians if the white men were permitted to stay in their country. And at last it was agreed that the white captain should die.

Two large stones were brought in and placed in front of the Powhatan. Then the white captain, John Smith, was led to them and made to put his head on one of them. Two sturdy chiefs, each with a club in his hand, stood by, waiting the word of command.

All at once, from the place where the women stood, a shrill cry was heard. Then the little girl, Matoax,

ran across the room and threw her arms around the neck of the white captain. She placed her own head upon his, and looked up at the two chiefs with clubs, as much as to say, "You cannot strike him without striking me!"

Her father, the Powhatan, and all the Indian braves were amazed. For a minute or two not a sound was heard in the big council house. Then the little heroine whom we always call by her nickname, Pocahontas, pleaded with her father for the life of the brave prisoner. "Please spare him, father, and let him be my own big brother. He is wise and good and will never harm our people."

The heart of the old chief was touched. He told the braves with clubs to lay down their weapons. The white captain was lifted from the ground; the cords which bound his arms were removed; all the Indian warriors were ready to be his friends.

"You shall be my son," said the Powhatan. "You shall be the elder brother of my little Pocahontas."

So, instead of being put to death, John Smith was adopted into the family of the great Indian chief. He was kept in the little village for two days and feasted and honored as though he were a real Indian brave. He talked and played with the little Matoax, and they became the best of friends. On the third day he was sent back to his own people, having with him a guard of honor and carrying many presents from his adoptive father, the Powhatan.

EXPRESSION: Who are the two principal characters in this story? Read the two paragraphs which describe the little Indian girl. Why was she called Pocahontas?

Read what Rabunta said to the Powhatan.

Read the description of the Indian women.

Tell about the Indians: (1) their homes; (2) their manner of dress; (3) what they thought of the white captain; (4) what they thought of Matoax.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Ma tō'ax; Pō ca-hŏn'tas; Pow ha tăn'; Vir gĭn'i a; Ra bun'ta; Wä'hun sŏn'a-cŏŏk; quăg'mire, coun'cil, adoptive.*

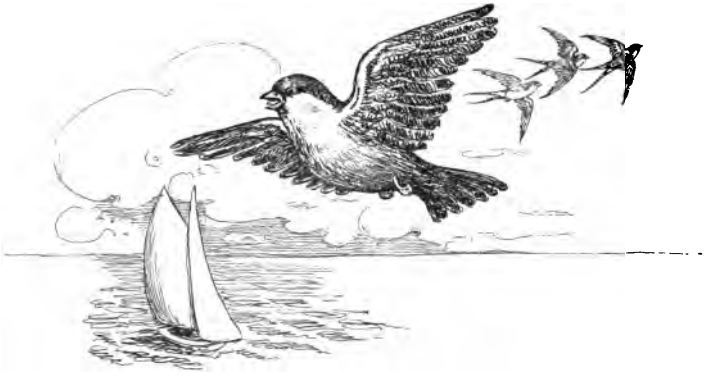
THANKSGIVING[1]

For all that God in mercy sends:
For health and strength, for home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and pleasant talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For all these things give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For all these things give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun which shines on high,
For stars that glitter in the sky, —
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee,
And give thee hearty thanks.

[1] By Ellen Isabella Tupper.



THE WILLFUL SPARROW[1]

"Well, Dicky, where have you been? All your brothers and sisters have had their heads tucked under their wings for the last half hour, and I'm as sleepy as can be, watching for you."

"Well, mother, I'm very sorry I'm so late," panted Dicky, as he settled himself down in the cozy nest. "You don't know how I've hurried. I've been far, far away, down by the sea."

"Why did you go there?" asked the mother sparrow.

"Well, I overheard some swallows talking about a great party they were going to join down there, and so I followed them. And, oh, mother! you can't

[1] By Alfred E. Hooper.

think what crowds and crowds of swallows were there."

"Yes, I know. They always gather there, just before cold weather begins. But, Dicky, you shouldn't force yourself into such high company; it isn't becoming. How you must have looked in your dull brown suit among all those grand and graceful fellows in their black dress coats and white vests!"

"Well, I did feel rather awkward," said Dicky; "but I soon got so interested in their talk that I forgot about everything else."

"What were they talking about?" asked the mother sparrow, sleepily, while her head nodded and her eyes blinked.

"About a warm and beautiful country far over the sea. They are all going there to-morrow, mother. They go there to escape the cold and the snow."

"Oh, yes, they do that every year," said the mother bird; and she tucked her head under her wing for the night.

"And I'm going, too," said Dicky.

Up jerked the mother's sleepy brown head, and Dicky felt a sharp tap on his beak.

"Don't let me hear such nonsense as that again!" cried the mother bird. "You don't know what you're talking about. Your safest place is at home."

Dicky made no answer, but cuddled down in the nest and made believe he was going to sleep. He sat and thought for a long time. He thought how grand it would be to fly away to a land where there was no snow, and where he could play in the sunshine all the year round.

"Well, mother doesn't know about such things," he said to himself. "Anyhow, I'm going with the swallows."

The next morning all the birds were stirring at an early hour, and at a sign from their mother they flew down to the shrubs just in front of the old brick house, and sat there looking in at the dining-room window. This was a long window, and in a little while it was opened, and a little girl came out with a dish of crumbs in her hand.

The birds knew her quite well, and so did not fly away. But Dicky wondered why she was wearing her little red cape and hood so early in the morning.

"I must tell you good-by now, you dear little birdies," said the child. "I am going out on the great, beautiful sea to-day. I am going in papa's yacht, and I wish I could take you with me."

"She's a sensible little girl," said Dicky to himself, as a shower of crumbs fell around him.

But he did not begin to eat with the other birds.

He looked around, and then flew quietly away among the bushes and green trees.

"Crumbs, indeed!" he sneered, "I'm going over the sea, where there are better things — juicy

fruits and such like. You don't catch me staying at home in this dull weather."

Away, away flew Dicky. Away, away he flew over garden and field and wood till at last he reached a rocky shore where the great waves were breaking in clouds of spray.

Here were the swallows. Some were on the ledges of the rocks, some on the trees, and some on the fences. Hundreds more were skimming through the air close to the ground or shooting like arrows far up towards the sky.

Soon Dicky heard a strange, shrill cry. The next moment there was a mighty, rushing noise, and then like a black cloud the whole flock of swallows arose and moved forward over the sea.

Clap, clap, clap, went Dicky's wings, and away he flew in the wake of the swiftly moving swallows.

"Well, this is glorious," he said as he heard the rush of the waves far below, and felt the fresh salt breeze playing around him. "What a fine thing it is to be brave! Won't mother open her eyes when I go back and tell her what a wonderful time I have had?"

He felt so light and joyous that he wished to chirrup his gladness; but then, he must save his breath in case of need. He could not see any land yet; and the black cloud of swallows was so far ahead of him that he could scarcely see it.

"I hope I shan't lose sight of them," said Dicky; and began to work his wings harder.

Very soon he began to feel tired. His breath came hot and thick, and he wished there was a tree where he might rest a minute. But trees do not grow in the sea.

He looked down. Far, far below he saw a tiny white-sailed ship bobbing about on the waves. Then he cast a wistful look behind him.

Ah, here came a swallow who had been left behind. She was with two young swallows, and all were flying with might and main to overtake their kin. The sparrow slacked his speed, and waited for them to come up.

Then he said timidly, "Please, can you tell me if it's much farther?"

"Well, well!" cried the older swallow. "Here's a sparrow. Don't talk to him, my dears. He's not what we can call company."

"I'm very sorry," said Dicky; "but I thought you would be so good as to tell me if it's much farther."

"Is *what* much farther?" asked the swallow, snappishly.

"The place where you're all going to."

"Just hark at him, children!" laughed the swallow. "Now you have heard for yourselves what an ignorant bird a sparrow is. Is it much farther? Why, you silly thing, of course it is. We have only started, and the sooner you get back home, the better for you."

Then the swallow, with her two children, flew onwards, and poor Dicky was left fluttering helplessly over the great sea.

"I do believe mother was right, after all," he said. "How foolish I shall look when I get back home!"

But as he turned homewards a great fear came over him. Oh, if he were only safe in his mother's nest again! For his wings had grown so weak that he could scarcely move them.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I shall be drowned, I know I shall!"

He sank lower and lower. His wings flapped wildly. He could not see where he was going. He gave himself up as lost.

Down, down, lower and lower still, poor Dicky fluttered. But just as he thought he was plunging into the sea, something warm and soft closed over him. Then he heard a voice saying:

"Poor little foolish thing, to try to fly so far!"

Dicky knew whose voice it was. He opened his eyes quickly. He was lying quite safe and warm in the hands of the very same little girl who had scattered the crumbs from the dining-room window that morning.

He knew her quite well by her voice, and by her red cape and hood.

"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl, "what a good thing that the yacht was right here when the birdie fell! I do believe he's one of my very own birdies that I feed every morning."

"Why, how can you tell, my dear?" said a sweet

voice near them. "All sparrows are very much alike."

"Well, I think I should know my own anywhere," said the little girl. "As soon as I get home this afternoon, I will let this one fly out of the dining-room window."

And she was as good as her word.

Dicky was kept quite safe in a basket lined with wool; and he was fed with a lump of sugar and bread crumbs. When the yacht reached the shore, the little girl took him home with her to the old brick house.

Then she kissed his soft little head; she said, "Good-by, dear birdie;" and then she put him out on the step before the dining-room window.

How happy Dicky was then! With a great flapping of his rested wings he flew up to the nest in the ivy. There he found his mother, at home with his brothers and sisters. He had never seen the nest look so pretty and comfortable.

"Where have you been?" cried his mother.

She was going to scold him severely. But he told her the whole story of his danger, and said that he was sorry he had been so headstrong and willful. And so she forgave him, and said that he had been punished enough.

"Tell me, mother dear," said Dicky, "why couldn't I fly as well as the swallows?"

"My child," she answered, "every creature has some special good gift by which its life is made happy. Swallows are delicate birds and would die here in the winter. So they have beautiful slim bodies and long wings that they may fly far and fast, and catch the summer in other lands.

"But as for us sparrows, we are strong and hardy and can live on almost anything. We have warm plush jackets that keep out the cold. So there is no need for us to fly far away to seek for warmer lands; and our bodies are so plump and our wings so short that we couldn't do so if we wished. Now, go out and play, and perhaps you'll find some more crumbs under the dining-room window."

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and try to understand everything that is said and done.

One may play the part of Dicky and another the part of the mother sparrow. Read the conversation on pages 48 and 49. Read the conversation between Dicky and the swallows on page 53.

Read the paragraphs on page 52, describing the flight of the swallows, how Dicky felt, and what he did. Try to make a shut-eye picture of the birds. Read so that those who hear you will see the picture.

WORD STUDY: Be sure to pronounce correctly: *awk'ward, in'ter est ed, shrubs, shrill, chĭr'rup, wist'ful, yacht.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL [1]

More than two hundred and fifty years ago there was a schoolmaster in Boston whose name was Ezekiel Cheever. He was a young man when he came from England to the little new colony in Massachusetts, and he taught school there until he was a very old gentleman with long, white beard and venerable aspect. What a queer little school that must have been in those days now so long gone by!

[1] From "Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large and dingy room. The floor is sanded, and the few little windows have diamond-shaped panes of glass and turn on hinges.

The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so wide and deep that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces, when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without digging in the earth for coal.

It is a cold day in winter when we visit the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney!

The master's chair is placed in the most comfortable part of the room. The fire glows warm upon it, and the great man who sits in it is pleased and happy. Do you see the venerable schoolmaster? How severe he looks, and how grand, with a black skullcap on his head, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle! What boy would dare to play or whisper while Master Cheever is on the look-out behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

School has begun. What a murmur of many voices, like the whispering leaves of a great oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent sixty years or more. Long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class is called up to recite. Out steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and short trousers with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are being made ready for college; they will soon be sent over to Cambridge and educated for a profession.

Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many boys grow up, that he knows pretty well what sort of a man each boy will be. One will be a doctor and give pills and potions, and move gravely through life, perfumed with asafetida. Another will be a lawyer, and fight his way to wealth and honors and a place in the King's Council. A third — and he is the masters' favorite — will be a minister. He will preach with power, and write volumes of sermons for future ages.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants and shopkeepers of to-morrow. Up to this time they have traded only in marbles and

apples. In a few years they will be sending ships to England for all kinds of manufactured goods, and to the West Indies for sugar and coffee. Some of them will stand behind counters, and measure tape and ribbons and calico by the yard. Others will wield the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the carpenter's plane, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the shoemaker's trade. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough ship captains.

But alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times.

The two boys are called up to the master's chair, wherein he sits with the frown of a judge upon his brow. The master has taken down the terrible birch rod. Short is the trial, the sentence is quickly passed. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times the schoolmaster's blows are well laid on.

Mercy on us, what a bellowing the poor fellows make! Our ears are almost deafened. There, go to your seats, dear boys; and do not cry because of their pain, my children, for they have ceased to feel it long, long ago.

Thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch; then, very slowly, he puts the ferule into his desk.

The boys sit waiting with impatience for his next words of command.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys rise and go out, stepping very softly until they have passed the threshold. But once fairly away, and what a joyous shout! What a scampering and tramping of feet! Who cares now for the ferule and the birch rod? Were boys born merely to study arithmetic and such things? No; they were born to be happy, to leap, to run, to shout.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to-morrow to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule. Yes, play, boys, and be happy; for the morrow cometh with its hard lessons and its various duties; and after that, still another morrow with troubles of its own.

EXPRESSION: Who is the principal character in this story? Read the lines which describe his appearance; his manner and feeling towards his pupils.

Read the description of the schoolroom.

Describe the boys at Master Cheever's school. How did they feel toward the master? What kind of men will they become?

Read the last paragraph. Whose words are these supposed to be?

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Bos'ton, Mas sachū'setts, E ze'kĭ el, Chee'ver, Cām'bridge; fĕr'ule, dĕaf'ened, mur'mur, pro fes'sion, per fumed', as a fet'i da.*

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL[1]

To-day is the first day of school.

The three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother conducted me to the Baretts' schoolhouse to have me entered for the third elementary course; I was thinking of the country, and went unwillingly.

All the streets were swarming with boys. The bookshops were thronged with fathers and mothers who were buying bags, portfolios, and copybooks. In front of the schoolhouse so many people had collected that the policeman found it difficult to keep the sidewalks clear. Near the door I felt myself touched on the shoulder: it was my master of the second class, cheerful as usual, and with his red hair ruffled.

He said to me, "So we are separated forever, Henry?"

I knew it perfectly well, yet these words pained me. We made our way in with difficulty. The halls and stairways were filled with ladies, gentlemen, workmen, nuns, servants, all leading boys and holding books and promotion cards in their hands. I beheld again with pleasure the large room on the

[1] From "Cuore," by Edmondo de Amicis, an Italian writer (1846–1908).

ground floor, where I had passed nearly every day for three years. There was a throng; the teachers were going and coming. My schoolmistress of the

first upper class greeted me from the door of the class room.

"Henry," she said, "you are going to the floor above this year. I shall never see you pass by any more;" and she gazed sadly at me.

The principal was surrounded by women who were in distress because there was no room for their sons; and it struck me that his beard was a little whiter than it had been last year. I noticed that all the boys had grown taller and stronger.

On the ground floor there were many little children of the first and second grades. They did not wish to enter the schoolrooms, and some of them resisted like little donkeys. A few had to be dragged in by force. Others, when they saw their mothers going away, began to cry, and the mothers had to go back and comfort or scold them, as the case might be. The teachers were in despair.

My little brother was placed in the primary class. I was sent upstairs on the first floor to be taught by an old and experienced teacher. At ten o'clock we were all in our classes — fifty-four of us.

The schoolroom seemed so small and gloomy when I thought of the woods and the mountains where I had passed the summer! And then I could not help thinking of my master in the second grade, who was so good, and who always smiled at us and was so small that he seemed to be one of us. I grieved that I should no longer see him there, with his tumbled red hair.

Our new teacher is tall. His hair is gray and

long. He has a big voice, and he looks at us fixedly, one after the other, as though he were reading our inmost thoughts. And he never smiles.

I said to myself: "This is my first day. There are nine months more. What toil, what monthly examinations, what fatigue!"

When I came out, who should be waiting for me but my mother! I really needed to see her, and I ran to kiss her hand.

She greeted me kindly. "Courage, Henry! We will study together," she said.

I went home with her, content. But I still miss my master, with his kind, merry smile; and school does not seem so pleasant to me as it did last year.

EXPRESSION: In reading this story remember that the writer is telling of a school in Italy. Compare the school with your own. What things were seen and heard on this first day of school that seem strange to you.

Imagine yourself to be little Henry, then tell this story to your schoolmates just as he might have told it.

Read the paragraph describing the new teacher. Why did not the school seem so pleasant as it did last year? Find and read a paragraph which partly answers this question.

WORD STUDY: — *el e men'ta ry, port fo'li os, po lice'man, dif'fi cul ty, prin'ci pal, ex pe'ri enced, fa tïgue'.*

PANDORA [1]

Long ago when this old world was young, there was a child whose name was Epimetheus. He had neither father nor mother, and in order that he might not be lonely, another child who was also fatherless and motherless was sent to live with him and be his playfellow. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question she asked was this: —

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"Pandora, that is a secret," answered Epimetheus, "and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here for safe keeping, and I don't know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you? And where did it come from?" asked Pandora.

"That is a secret, too," answered Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" said Pandora, pouting her lips. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then everybody was a child. No fathers nor mothers

[1] By Nathaniel Hawthorne (abridged).

were needed to take care of the children, for there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and there was always plenty to eat and to drink.

The children had a very pleasant time indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or gushing out in jolly laughter throughout the livelong day.

It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

"What in the world can be inside of it?" she was always asking.

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I don't know," answered Epimetheus, getting a little vexed.

"Well, you might open it," said Pandora, "and then we could see for ourselves what is in it."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus. And his face showed so much horror at the idea of looking into the box that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more.

One day Epimetheus went out into the garden leaving Pandora in the house alone. The child could not help looking at the box. She had called it ugly about a hundred times; but in spite of all that, it was

really a very handsome piece of furniture. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, and was so highly polished that Pandora could see her face in it.

The lid of the box was fastened, not by a lock, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted; and the very difficulty there was in it tempted Pandora to examine it, again and again, just to see how it was made.

Her curiosity grew and grew. At length, she took the golden knot in her fingers; and almost without knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Suddenly, she gave the cord a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The knot was loosened as if by magic, and the box was without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew," said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. Nothing could be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"And how shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?" said Pandora to herself.

As she was looking and pondering she suddenly fancied that she heard small voices within the box.

She listened. Presently she heard them again and more distinctly. What were they saying?

"Let us out, dear Pandora. Please let us out. We will be good playfellows for you. Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well!— yes! — I think I shall take just one peep. Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever."

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew dark and dismal; for a black cloud had swept quite over the sun. But she heeded nothing of this. She lifted

the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this box?"

Pandora let fall the lid; but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, were darting about; and she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking very spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus.

Now if you wish to know what these things were, which had escaped from the box, I will tell you. They were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many Sorrows; there were Diseases in a vast number of shapes; and there were more kinds of Naughtiness than I need to tell you about. In short, everything that has since afflicted mankind had been shut up in that mysterious box.

Both Pandora and Epimetheus had been grievously stung. Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head upon the fatal box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora.

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, —

"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "did you hear that little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I did," answered Epimetheus from his corner. "And what of it?"

"Well," said Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box again."

"And as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you."

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

"Who are you?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "I was sent to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"And will you stay with us, forever and ever?" asked Epimetheus.

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile. "I promise never to desert you."

EXPRESSION: This is one of the beautiful stories that have come down to us from the people who lived in Greece thousands of years ago. Read it silently and try to understand the meaning of every passage.

Who are the principal characters? What kind of child was Pandora? What kind of child was Epimetheus? Which would you prefer as a friend? Why?

Read the conversation on page 66.

Read the conversation on page 67.

Read what Epimetheus said, on page 70.

Read page 71 again and again until you are able to give the natural and correct expression to every sentence.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce each syllable: *Ep ĭ mē'theūs* (four syllables only), *Pan dō'ra; af flict'ed, buzz'ing, căr'ol ing, dis eas'es, ex am'ine, fur'ni ture, griev'ous ly, hor'ror, in'tri cate, knuck'les, lam'en table, mys te'ri ous, or'na ment, pro vok'ing, sug gest', vex a'tion, year'ly, per'son age, an'guish, fore'head.*

See "Review of Words" at the end of this book.

THE STORY OF A TREE[1]

I. The Woodman

A few days ago I was riding out of town with an old friend when he asked me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"What is your object?" I inquired.

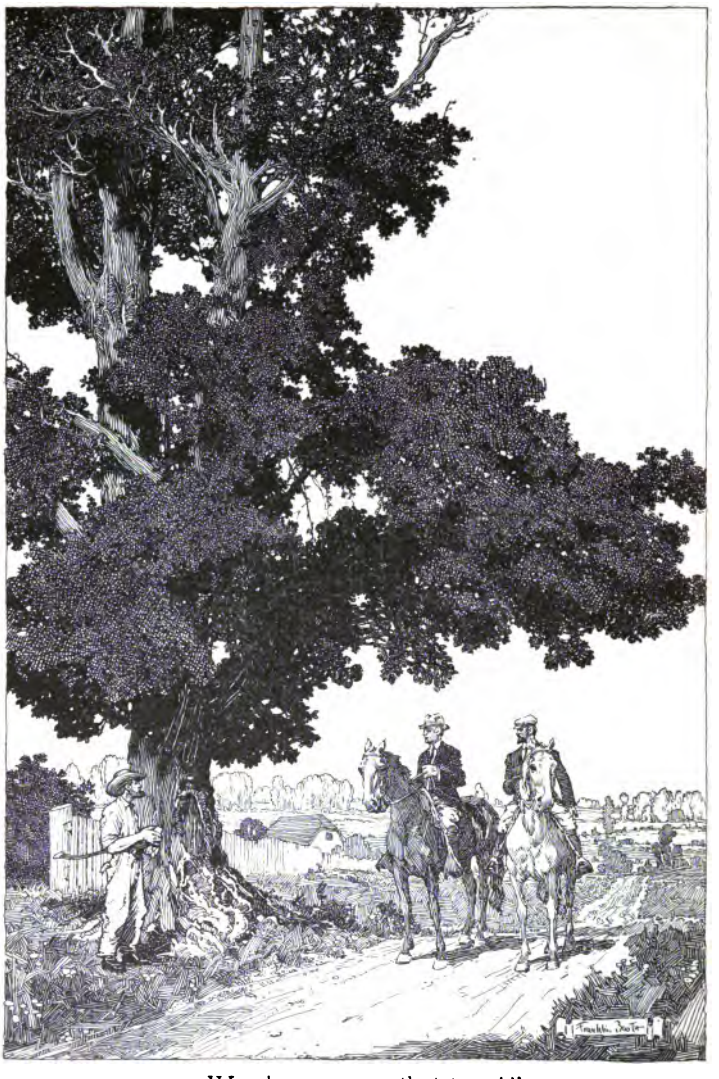
"Merely to look once more at an old tree," he answered. "It was planted by my grandfather, long before I was born. My sister played with me there. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters, all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, while tears came to his eyes.

After a moment's pause he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, but I never ride out without turning down this lane to look at the old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend."

These words were hardly uttered when my friend cried out, "There it is!"

Near the old tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax.

[1] By George P. Morris.



"Woodman, spare that tree!"

"You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?"

"Yes, that is just what I am going to do," said the woodman.

"Why are you going to cut it down?" inquired my friend with choking emotion.

"Why? Well, I'll tell you. I want the tree for firewood," was the answer.

"What is the tree worth to you for firewood?"

"Well, I suppose about ten dollars."

"Suppose I should give you that sum," said my friend, "would you let it stand?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You are sure of that?"

"I am positive."

"Then give me a bond to that effect."

We went into the little cottage, once the home of my companion, now occupied by the woodman and his family. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left the house, the young daughter of the woodman assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut down.

These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the poem which follows.

II. "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that agèd oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

PLANTING A TREE[1]

He who plants a tree,
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

EXPRESSION: Choose parts and read the conversation on page 75. Be sure to speak distinctly and in natural tones.

To whom is Mr. Morris's poem addressed?

Read Lucy Larcom's poem silently, then aloud. Be sure to observe the pauses that are marked.

[1] By Lucy Larcom.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY[1]

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider
to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did
spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when
you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is
in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er
come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider
to the fly.

[1] By Mary Howitt.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome — will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily he sings:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wings;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green and purple hue, —
Thinking only of her crested head, — poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed.
Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

EXPRESSION: In this story the spider and the fly are supposed to talk to each other. What is such a story called? Name some other fables that you have read.

Choose parts; let one read what the spider says and another repeat the answers made by the fly.

WORD STUDY: Spell and pronounce: *parlor, curtains, affection, gauzy, brilliant, subtle* (pronounced *sŭt'tl*), *di'a mond, wi'ly, coun'sel or.*

Make a list of words ending in *ing;* in *or;* in *er.* Pronounce each word distinctly many times.

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!

[1] By Robert Southey, a famous English poet (1774–1843).

For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

NOTE: Blenheim is a small village in Bavaria, Germany. The battle that is spoken of in the poem took place here in 1704.

WORD STUDY: — *Blenheim (blen'ĭm); Kas'par; Wil'hel mīne; Pe'ter kin; Marlborough (môl'brŭ); Eugene (ū jēn').*

STORIES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I. In Search of Work

Benjamin Franklin was apprenticed to his brother James to learn the trade of printer. His brother was a hard master, and was always finding fault with his workmen. Sometimes he would beat young Benjamin and abuse him without cause.

When Benjamin was nearly seventeen years of age he made up his mind that he would not endure this treatment any longer. He told his brother that he meant to leave him and find work with some one else.

His brother was alarmed when he learned that Benjamin really intended to do this, and he went to all the other printers in Boston and warned them not to employ the lad. Their father took the elder brother's part, and scolded Benjamin for being so saucy and so hard to please. But Benjamin would do no more work in James's printing house.

At length he made up his mind that, since he could not find employment in Boston, he would run away from home. He would go to New York and look for work there.

He sold his books to raise a little money. Then, without saying good-by to his father or mother or any of his brothers or sisters, he went on board of a ship that was just ready to sail from the harbor.

It is not likely that he was very happy while doing this. Long afterwards he said, "I reckon this as one of the first *errata* of my life."

What did he mean by *errata?*

Errata are mistakes — mistakes which sometimes cannot be easily corrected.

Three days after leaving Boston, Franklin arrived in New York. It was then October, in the year 1723. The lad had but very little money in his pocket. There was no one in New York that he knew. He was three hundred miles from home and friends.

As soon as he landed he went about the streets, looking for work. New York was only a little town then, and there was not a newspaper in it. There were but a few printing houses there, and these had not much work to do. The boy from Boston called at every place, but he found that nobody wanted to employ any more help.

At one of the little shops Franklin was told that perhaps he could find work in Philadelphia, for Philadelphia was at that time a larger and much more important place than New York.

Franklin decided to go there without delay. It would be easier to do this than to give up and try to return to Boston. But Philadelphia was one hundred miles farther from home; and one hundred miles was a very great distance in those days.

There are two ways of going from New York to Philadelphia. One way is by sea; the other is by land across the state of New Jersey.

As Franklin had but little money, he decided to take the shorter route by land; but he sent his little chest, containing his Sunday clothes, round by sea, in a boat.

He walked all the way from Perth Amboy, on the eastern shore of New Jersey, to Burlington on the Delaware River. Nowadays you may travel that distance in about an hour, for it is but little more than fifty miles. But at that time there were no railroads, and Franklin was nearly three days trudging along lonely wagon tracks, in a pouring rain.

At Burlington he was lucky enough to be taken on board of a small boat that was going down the river. Burlington is not more than thirty miles above Phila-

delphia; but the boat moved very slowly, and as there was no wind, the men took turns at rowing.

Night came on, and they were afraid that they might pass by Philadelphia in the darkness. So they landed, and camped on the shore, among the reeds and bushes, until morning.

Early the next day, which chanced to be Sunday, they arrived at Philadelphia. The boat was moored to the landing, and Benjamin Franklin stepped on shore at Market Street, where the Camden ferry-boats now have their slips.

No one who saw him could have guessed that he would one day be the greatest man in the city. He was indeed a sorry-looking fellow. He was dressed in his working clothes, and was very dirty from being so long on the road and in the little boat.

But of what happened to him on that first day in Philadelphia, we will let him tell his own story.

WORD STUDY: — *Phil a del'phĭ a, Bûr'ling ton, Del'a ware, er rā'ta, route* (pronounced *rōōt*).

II. That First Day in Philadelphia

Related by Himself

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread.

I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the

baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort.

He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

I then turned and went down Chestnut Street and

part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round, I found myself again near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and one of my rolls having satisfied me, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led to a great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

NOTE: This story is from Dr. Franklin's "Autobiography." An autobiography is a history of one's life written by one's self. There have been few greater men in our country than Benjamin Franklin. He was born at Boston in 1706; died at Philadelphia in 1790. See *Fourth Reader*, page 135.

III. A Lesson from Dr. Franklin[1]

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." Thus wrote Benjamin Franklin who, better than most men, fully understood the value of time.

One day a customer who came into his little bookstore in Philadelphia was dissatisfied with the price which was demanded for a book he desired to purchase. "Please call the proprietor," he said to the clerk. "I wish to ask him about this."

"Mr. Franklin is in the press room," answered the clerk, "and he is very busy just now."

The man, however, who had already spent an hour in aimlessly turning over many books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the printing office at the

[1] From "Lessons in Life," by Orison Swett Marden.

back of the store and came in to see what was wanted.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the would-be customer, holding up the volume he had chosen.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply.

"A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk offered it to me a little while ago for only a dollar," cried the astonished customer.

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have afforded to take a dollar rather than leave my work and get a dollar and a quarter."

The man hesitated and looked at the book again. He was in doubt whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest or only joking. Then he said, coaxingly, "Come, now, Mr. Franklin, tell me really what is the lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half," was the grave reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, it is not five minutes since you offered it to me for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The crestfallen customer laid the money on the counter and left the store with his book. Perhaps he had learned that he who squanders his own time is foolish and he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

TWO CHRISTMAS POEMS

I. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE[1]

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind):
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song: —

[1] By Nahum Tate, an English poet (1652–1715).

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

II. Christmas Bells[1]

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth,
The cannon thundered North and South,

[1] By Henry W. Longfellow.

And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

EXPRESSION: Which of these two Christmas poems do you prefer? Why?

Memorize the stanza of the second poem that you like best. Speak it so as to be clearly understood by those who listen.

Pronounce these words correctly: *swāth'ing, mān'ger, căr'ols, bel'fries, Christ'en dom* (*krĭs n dŭm*), *chant, ac cûrs'ed* (three syllables).

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

— *Dinah M. Mulock.*

Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free,
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave; —
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

— *Anonymous.*

Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things; you cannot do more, you should never wish to do less.

— *Robert E. Lee.*

Do thy duty; that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

NOTE: Memorize the poem on page 245. Speak it.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE SOWER AND THE SEED[1]

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside.

And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying:

Behold a sower went forth to sow:

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way-side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth;

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away:

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

[1] From St. Matthew.

THE LAND BEYOND THE PEACH BLOSSOMS[1]

A very long time ago a fisherman of Wu-ling went out with his sailboat upon one of the rivers of China. He sailed far up the stream, not taking note of the distance, nor caring whither he went.

Suddenly, one morning, he found himself sailing through a country of peach trees. Every tree was in full bloom, and as far as he could see in any direction, no other tree of any kind was in sight. The beauty of the scene and the exquisite perfume of the flowers filled the heart of the fisherman with joy; and with eagerness he sailed around, wondering when he should come to the limit of the lovely forest.

He found that the peach trees ended where the river began, at the foot of a high mountain; and there he discovered what seemed to be a cave with light issuing from it. So he made fast his boat, and crept through a narrow entrance into a wider pas-

[1] A Chinese legend two thousand years old.

sageway of uncertain length. Presently he reached its end and came out into a broad, level country unlike any other he had ever seen.

Here were rich fields of grain, beautiful lakes, fine houses, and wonderful groves of bamboo and orchards of mulberry trees. The well-traveled roads extended north and south. Sounds of barking dogs and crowing cocks were heard on every side. The people who passed by, or were at work in the fields, were strangely dressed; and young and old alike appeared to be contented and happy.

One of the farmers, catching sight of the fisherman, seemed greatly surprised. He questioned him, and when the fisherman had told his story, he insisted on taking him to his house. There a chicken was killed and broiled for his supper, and other delicacies were offered to him.

Before long all the people of the place came to the farmer's house to see the strange visitor. They told him that their ancestors had long before sought refuge there with their wives and children from the tyranny of a wicked king; and they added that they had thus become cut off from the rest of the human race. Then they inquired about what was happening in China, and were surprised to learn that the old dynasty of kings had long passed away

and that many other dynasties had, in turn, succeeded it.

The fisherman was invited to one home after another until every family had entertained him. Then, with many regrets, he prepared to take his leave.

"It will not be worth while for you to tell the outside world of what you have seen," said the people, as he bade them farewell and returned to his boat at the source of the river.

Before he reached home he had forgotten the kindness with which he had been treated in the strange land. He went to the governor of his district and reported what he had seen. The governor sent a company of men to explore the river and discover the forest of peach blossoms and the region beyond it. But search as they would, they were unable to find anything that was at all different from other well-known portions of China.

EXPRESSION: Read the entire story. Read aloud the paragraph describing the strange country which the fisherman discovered. What do you learn in this story about the people of China and their manner of living? Read the last paragraph. Did the fisherman do right?

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly, *Chi'na, Wu-ling; dy'nas ty, ex'quiṣ ite, per'fume, del'i ca çies; bade, crept.*

THE FINDING OF MABON[1]

I

Now Mabon, the son of Modron, had been lost since he was three nights old. No one knew what had become of him, nor could any man living remember the time when he was lost. So long ago it was, that the oldest of all the old men had heard nothing of it, neither had their grandfathers.

So Kay and Bedivere took counsel as to how they should seek for Mabon; and two other knights, Uriel and Idwel, went with them.

"There are birds and beasts that are older than men," said Idwel. "Let us seek out the oldest animal in the world. Uriel understands the language of birds and beasts and therefore can speak for us."

Said Bedivere, "There is surely no creature in the world so old as the Ouzel of Deepdell. If she cannot help us, no one can."

So the four knights journeyed onward till they found the Ouzel of Deepdell. She was sitting on a small stone, beneath the shadow of the great trees of the forest where she dwelt.

And Uriel said to her, "Ouzel of Deepdell, we have come to thee with a message from King Arthur.

[1] An old Welsh legend, retold from the "Mabinogion," translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.

Tell us if thou knowest aught of Mabon, the son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother when only three nights old."

The Ouzel answered, "When I first came here, I was a young bird. I found a smith's anvil at this spot where I am sitting. No one has worked upon it from that day to this, nor has anything been done to wear it away, except that I have pecked it with my beak every evening when I have been pluming my feathers. Now nothing remains of it but this little piece, which is not larger than a walnut. I have never heard of the one for whom you ask. Nevertheless, I will do what I can for messengers from King Arthur. There is a race of animals which lived long before I did, and to one of them I will guide you."

So she led them to the spot where the Stag of Fernbrake lay at the foot of a blasted oak.

"Stag of Fernbrake," said Uriel, "we, who are messengers of King Arthur, come to thee; for we know of no animal that is older. Say, knowest thou aught of Mabon, the son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother when only three nights old?"

The Stag answered, "When I first came to this place, the whole country was a wide plain, and there was only one oak sapling growing here. It grew and became an oak with a hundred branches. It stood a

long while in its prime; but at length it perished, so that nothing now remains of it but this stump, withered and dead. An oak is three hundred years in growing, three hundred years in its prime, and three hundred years in its decay; but in all that time

I have never heard of the one for whom you ask. Nevertheless, I will do what I can for messengers from King Arthur. I will be your guide to an animal that was formed before me."

So the Stag led them to the place where dwelt the Owl of Darkdingle.

"Owl of Darkdingle," said Uriel, "we are messengers from King Arthur. Knowest thou aught of Mabon, the son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother when only three nights old?"

The Owl answered, "If I knew, I would tell you. When I first came hither, this wide valley which you behold was a wooded glen. And there came a race of men who uprooted all the trees. But a second wood sprang up; and the one you see around you is the third that has grown here. Yet in all that time I never heard of the one for whom you ask. Nevertheless, I will do what I can for messengers from King Arthur. I will lead you to the oldest animal in the world, and the one that has traveled farthest — the Eagle of Aldergrove."

So the Owl showed them the way to the grove where the Eagle was spending peaceful days in his old age.

"Eagle of Aldergrove," said Uriel, "we are messengers from King Arthur. Knowest thou aught of Mabon, the son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother when only three nights old?"

The Eagle answered, "Long have I been here. When I first came, there was a rock in this place so high that from the top of it I pecked at the stars every evening. Now it is less than a span in height. From that day to this I have been here, and never have I heard of the one of whom you ask, except on a time when I was seeking prey in Lone Lake.

"One day I struck my claws into a salmon, thinking he would serve me for food for a long time. But

the salmon drew me out into deep water, and I had hard work to escape from him. Then I called together all my kindred, and we went to do battle with him. But he offered to make peace with me, and persuaded me to take fifty fish spears out of his back. He can tell you of the man whom you seek; and I will be your guide to him."

So the Eagle conducted the knights to the margin of the broad, blue, shining lake, and called up the Salmon from its depths.

"Oh, Salmon of Lone Lake," he cried, "I have come to thee with messengers from King Arthur to ask if thou knowest aught of Mabon, the son of Modron, who was stolen from his mother when only three nights old."

The Salmon answered, "With every tide I go up the River Severn till I come under the walls of Gloucester Castle. There I have found such wrong as I never found elsewhere. And that you may believe me, let two of you go thither upon my back."

II

Then the knights talked with one another, and it was agreed that Kay and Uriel should go up the River Severn with the Salmon of Lone Lake.

So Kay and Uriel stood upon the back of the

Salmon of Lone Lake; and he swam with them up the River Severn. As they drew near the walls of Gloucester Castle, they heard a voice wailing so bitterly in the dungeon that it made their hearts ache for very pity.

Then Uriel cried out, "Who is it that sorrows thus within that rocky chamber?"

And the voice answered, "I am Mabon, the son of Modron, and I am held captive in this cell. I am the Elfin Huntsman, forever young; and yet I am shut away from the hills and the woods and the joy of the chase. No other imprisonment was ever so hard as mine."

"In what way is it possible to set thee free?" asked Uriel. "Will gifts of treasure release thee?"

"If I am ever freed from this imprisonment," said Mabon, "it can only be through battle and strife."

Then the Salmon bore Kay and Uriel back to their companions.

III

The four knights hastened to return to King Arthur, and they told him how Mabon, the son of Modron, was held prisoner in the dungeon of Gloucester Castle. Then Arthur summoned all the warriors of the realm, and they set out for Gloucester.

The army of the king journeyed round by land, but Kay and Bedivere sailed upon the back of the Salmon of Lone Lake. And while Arthur and his knights were besieging the castle, and the garrison were defending it, Kay broke through the wall of the dungeon and gave the prisoner his freedom.

So then Arthur returned home, victorious; and Mabon, the son of Modron, went with him, rejoicing.

EXPRESSION: Read the speech which Uriel made to each of the animals. Read the reply of each, giving to every sentence its proper meaning.

Pronounce correctly: *Mā'bon; Mŏd'ron; Kāy; Ouzel* (*'o͞ozl*), a blackbird; *Bĕd'i vēre; U'ri ĕl; Id'wĕl; Aldergrove* (*ôl'dergrove*); *Salmon* (*săm'un*); *Sĕv'ern; Gloucester* (*glŏs'ter*).

THE FOX IN THE WELL[1]

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.
Over the wheel a well chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung.
At one drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink;
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket, and the bucket slipped;
When, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.
His cousin Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished, at the top,

[1] By J. T. Trowbridge.

Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight, —
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had caught him!

"What do you there?" his cousin cried.
"Dear cousin Wolf," the Fox replied,
"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You've seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure. Now, behold!
I have my bucket filled with gold
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
"Dear me! I thought you tumbled in!
What, then, is all this noise about?"
"Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied.
"First help me, then we will divide."

"How?" "Get into the bucket there."
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think; —
There hung the bucket by the brink,

And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

"That's right! Ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;
The Fox leaped out; "Dear Wolf," said he,
"You've been so very kind to me,
I'll leave the treasure all to you; —
I hope 'twill do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!" Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate; —
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

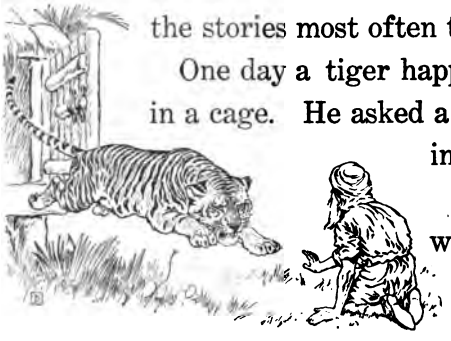
THE MOUSE DEER AND THE TIGER[1]

In some parts of India there lives a beautiful little animal called the mouse deer. When full grown it is only about twelve inches high. Its color is a mouse-gray spotted with white. It is very timid and hides

[1] A Siamese Fable.

itself in thickets and dark woods; but when tamed it becomes a gentle and intelligent pet.

The people in some places tell many curious stories about the mouse deer, and they say that no other animal is more cunning or wise. One of the stories most often told is as follows:



One day a tiger happened to be caught in a cage. He asked a man who was passing by to let him out. The man said, "I will let you out if you will promise not to hurt me."

"Certainly, certainly," answered the tiger.

The man, therefore, opened the door of the cage, and the tiger leaped out.

"A promise is good for nothing when it is made through fear," said the beast; and it sprang upon the man.

"Wait, wait!" cried the man. "Let us inquire about this; and if you are in the right, then you may eat me."

The tiger agreed to this, and both set out together. On coming to the road the man said, "O Road, Road! Is it right to do evil for good, or only good for good?"

The road answered, "Nay, but rather to do good for evil. Men trample upon me and abuse me, and yet I serve them well."

Then they came to a tree, and the man asked it the same question.

The tree answered, "Men break my branches, and will cut me down, yet I return them not evil but good."

At last they came to a mouse deer, and the man inquired of it as he had of the others.

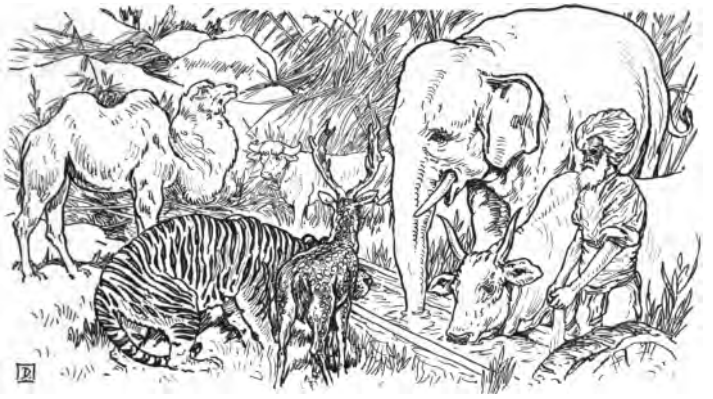
"Really," said the mouse deer, "I must learn more about this matter before I can answer you. Let us go back together to the trap."

On reaching the trap, the mouse deer said, very politely, "Now, Mr. Tiger, please step inside."

The tiger, thinking that the others would follow, did so; and the mouse deer at once let down the door of the trap.

"Wicked beast!" he cried, "you have returned evil for good, and now you shall suffer as you deserve."

He who returns evil for good deserves punishment.



THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS [1]

Once upon a time there was a great drought in the mountain land of India. No rain fell for many months. The springs and rivers were dried up, and many animals died of thirst.

Now in that land there was a poor hermit who lived in a little hut by the side of a huge rock. From a crevice in this rock drops of water were always trickling slowly, in summer and winter the same.

When the hermit saw how the animals were suffering from thirst, his heart was filled with pity. With great labor he cut down a tree and hollowed it into a trough. Then he caught in his hands the drops which trickled from the rock and with much patience filled the trough with water.

[1] A Hindoo fable.

In this way he gave the animals drink. And they came from the woods and the fields, and drank and drank.

The hermit, seeing their eagerness and their joy, kept on collecting the water and pouring it into the trough. Day and night he toiled, scarcely stopping to eat or to sleep. He had no time to gather fruits for his own food. Hungry and faint he worked away at his task.

Then the elephant said, "See how this man toils for us and will not take the time to provide food for himself."

And the gazelle said, "He must be very hungry. Let us every one bring him some little thing from the forest that he can eat."

And all the rest cried, "Yes, yes! In that way we can repay him for his kindness to us."

So every day after that, each animal brought the hermit some kind of food. One would bring him a banana, one an apple, another some berries or some nuts. They brought so much that the hermit had enough not only for himself, but for many poor people who lived near by.

EXPRESSION: Which of the three fables do you like best? Why? What does the first one teach? the second? the third?

OUR NATIVE LAND

I

From sea to sea our country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

II

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might.[1]

[1] By Charles T. Brooks.

III

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore.
Thou art the shelter of the free
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
Till time is o'er.[1]

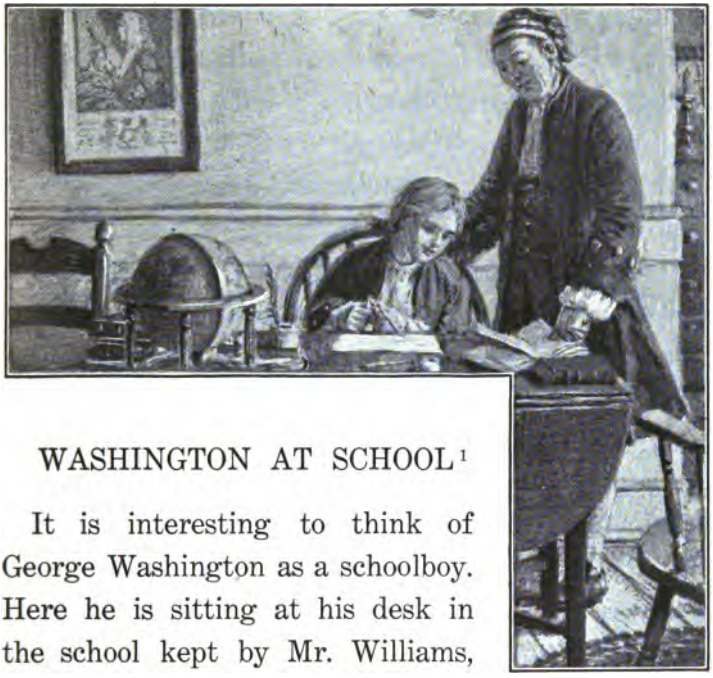
IV

I love thy inland seas,
Thy capes and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy cañons wild and deep,
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
Thy rocky mountains steep,
Thy fertile mains;

Thy domes, thy silvery strands,
Thy golden gate that stands
Afront the West;
Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy sunlight everywhere,
O land beyond compare,
I love thee best.[2]

[1] By James G. Percival.

[2] By Henry van Dyke.



WASHINGTON AT SCHOOL[1]

It is interesting to think of George Washington as a schoolboy. Here he is sitting at his desk in the school kept by Mr. Williams, the English schoolmaster.

The school is not much like the great public schools of to-day. It is a small private school, and the few boys who attend it are the sons of wealthy Virginia planters. Each boy studies such branches as he chooses, and the more diligent he is, the more rapid is his progress.

As for George Washington, he is looking forward to the time when he will be the manager of a great

[1] Adapted from "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder.

plantation; and his first aim is to learn those things which will then be of most use to him. So he practices penmanship in order to become a good writer. He studies arithmetic and surveying. He learns how to keep accounts, and how to make out bills and receipts and other business papers.

He has only a few books, and these are not very complete. Instead of finding printed forms in his arithmetic, ready at hand to be studied, he must depend upon his teacher. The teacher shows him some real account books and copies of deeds and leases and other legal documents, and he is expected to write others like them.

He spends a part of each day writing in his exercise books. All his work in these books is done with the utmost care. On some of the pages he draws beautiful ornamental letters to show the beginning of a new subject or chapter. Very seldom does he make a blot or an unnecessary mark.

In one of his exercise books he has copied over a hundred "Rules for Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." The most of these have been copied from his favorite book, "The Young Man's Companion"; and the rest have probably been learned from his mother or his teacher. He has a great liking for doing things in an orderly way, and he has

memorized these rules in order to help him do the right thing at the right time.

Shall we peep into his exercise book and read a few of them?

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust."

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any."

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present."

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty."

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly."

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat."

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not. Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

THE SHIP OF STATE[1]

TO BE MEMORIZED

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope!
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

[1] By Henry W. Longfellow.

THE STORY OF BUCEPHALUS[1]

Philonicus of Thessaly was the most famous horse raiser of his time. He prided himself particularly on his "ox-headed" horses — broad-browed creatures, with large heads and small, sharp ears set far apart. Proud animals these were. They were strong and high-spirited — just the kind for war steeds.

Among these "ox-heads" there was one that excelled all the others in beauty and in size. Philonicus prized him very highly, and yet was perplexed to know what to do with him. For, although he was now fourteen years old, he was so wild and ungovernable that no horseman had ever been able to mount him.

He was a handsome creature — coal-black, with a white star in his forehead. One eye was gray and the other brown. Everybody admired him, and people came great distances to see him.

Some men would have sold him for half the price of a common nag, and been glad to be rid of him. But Philonicus knew a thing or two. He never told how fierce and unmanageable the horse was, but was very careful to show all of his good points, which were many.

[1] From "The Horse Fair." Published by The Century Co., New York.

Men came from all parts of Greece to see the wonderful Bucephalus, as he was called. They no sooner saw than they wished to buy him.

"What is the price?"

"Thirteen thousand dollars."

That answer usually put an end to the talk. A very good horse might be bought for about seventy dollars, and a first-class war steed could be had for two hundred. Who, then, would pay thirteen thousand?

There were rich men who made Philonicus some very handsome offers — a thousand, five thousand, even seven thousand, dollars. But he knew what he was about, and held steadily to his first price; and this only made people admire the horse still more.

At length Philonicus got his price.

Philip, the ambitious king of Macedon, was the buyer. Philonicus counted his money, delivered the steed, and then hastened home before the king could have time to test his new war steed.

You may imagine what followed.

The horse was bridled and saddled and led out to the parade ground. He would not let the king touch him. He reared and plunged, and beat madly around him with his hoofs till everybody was glad to get out of his reach. The best horse tamers in

the country were called, but not one of them could mount him.

"Take him away!" cried the king in great rage. "Old Philonicus has played me a trick. He has sold me a wild, unbroken beast, telling me that it was the finest horse in the world."

But now Bucephalus would not be led away. The horse tamers tried to throw ropes around his feet; they beat him with long poles; they pelted him with stones; and still he remained on the parade ground.

Just then, the king's son, young Alexander, happened to come up.

"What a shame to spoil so fine a horse!" he cried. "Those fellows know nothing about handling him."

"Are you finding fault with men who are wiser than yourself?" asked the king. "Do you, a boy of twelve, know more about horses than these men who have spent their lives with them?"

"I can certainly handle this horse better," said Alexander.

"Suppose you try it."

"I wish that I might."

"If I let you try and you fail, how much will you forfeit?"

"The price of the horse. And what will you give me if I succeed?"

"The horse himself."

Everybody laughed; but the king said, "Stand aside, and let the lad try it."

Alexander ran quickly to the horse and turned his head toward the sun, for he had noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then he spoke softly and gently to him, and kindly stroked his neck.

The horse seemed to know that he had found a friend, and little by little his uneasiness left him.

Soon with a light spring the lad leaped nimbly upon his back, and, without pulling the reins too hard, allowed him to start off at his own gait. Then, when he saw that the horse was no longer afraid, but only proud of his strength and speed, he urged him to do his utmost.

The king looked on with alarm. Everybody expected to see the boy unseated and dashed to the ground. But when he turned and rode back, proud of his daring feat, everybody cheered and shouted — everybody but his father, who wept for joy.

"My son," he said, "you must look for a kingdom that is worthy of you; for this one of mine is too small."

After that, Bucephalus would allow his groom to mount him barebacked; but when he was saddled nobody but Alexander dared touch him. He would even kneel to his young master, in order that he might mount more easily; and for sixteen years thereafter he served him as faithfully as horse ever served man.

In the great battle that was fought with King Porus of India, Alexander rode too far into the enemy's ranks. The horse and his rider became the target for every spear, and it seemed as if neither could escape. But the gallant Bucephalus, pierced by many

weapons, turned about and, overriding the foes that beset them, rushed back to a place of safety.

When he saw that his master was out of danger and among friends, the horse sank down upon the grass and died. Alexander mourned for him as for his dearest friend; and the next city that he founded he named Bucephalia, in honor of the friend who had served him so well.

WORD STUDY: *Bu çĕph'a lus* (ox-headed); *Phil ŏ nī'cus; Thĕs'sa ly*, a country of Greece, noted for its horses; *Phil'ip* (lover of horses); *Măç'e don*, an ancient country north of Greece; *Al ex an'der*, commonly called *Alexander the Great*, king of Macedon and conqueror of the known world.

THE CHOOSING OF GREYFELL[1]

When the sun had risen high above the trees, Siegfried went forth like a man, to take whatsoever fortune the day might send him. He went through the great forest and over the huge black mountains that stretched themselves across his way, and came to a pleasant country all dotted with white farmhouses and yellow with ripening corn.

He tarried not here, however, although many kind words were spoken to him, and all besought him to

[1] From "The Story of Siegfried," by James Baldwin. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

stay. Onward he went, till he reached the waste land that bordered the sea. There high mountains stood, with snow-crowned crags looking over the waves; and a great river, all foaming with the summer floods, went rolling through the valley.

But in the deep dells between the mountains there were rich meadows, green with grass and speckled with flowers, where great herds of cattle and deer and untamed horses fed in undisturbed peace. And Siegfried, when he saw them, knew that he had arrived at the famous pasture lands of Gripir, the oldest and wisest of all herdsmen.

High upon a mountain peak stood Gripir's dwelling — a mighty house, made of huge bowlders, brought hither by giant hands. Upon its roof the eagles had built their nests, and around its doors the mountain vultures were always screaming.

Siegfried wondered, but was not afraid. He climbed the steep pathway which the feet of no other man had trod, and walked boldly into Gripir's hall. The room was so dark that at first he could see nothing save the white walls and the glass-green pillars which upheld the roof. But the light grew stronger, and presently he saw the ancient Gripir, seated under a canopy of stone. The chair of this son of the giants was made of sea-horses' teeth, a blue mantle was

thrown over his shoulders, and his white beard fell in waves almost to the marble floor.

Very wise seemed the ancient herdsman, and he smiled kindly at the boy, Siegfried.

"Hail to thee, Siegfried!" he cried. "Welcome, thou prince with the gleaming eye. Come and sit by my side in the high seat where no other man has sat, and I will tell thee of things that have been, and of things that are yet to be."

So Siegfried went fearlessly forward and sat down by the side of the wise one. And they talked together long and earnestly — and each was glad to hear the cheering words of the other. All night long they talked, and at dawn Siegfried arose to go.

"You have not told me of your errand," said old Gripir, "but I know what it is. The world is all before you. Take that which is your own. Choose from my pastures a steed that is worthy of you, and ride forth to win a name and fame among men."

Then Siegfried, having spoken his thanks, ran down to the grassy dell where the horses were feeding. The beasts were all so fair that he knew not which to choose. As he paused in wonder, uncertain what to do, a strange man suddenly stood before him. Tall and handsome was the man, and his face beamed like the dawn of a summer day.

"Would you choose a horse, Sir Siegfried?" he asked kindly.

"Indeed, I would," answered the boy; "but it is hard to choose among so many that are excellent."

"There is one that is far better than the rest," said the stranger. "He will serve you, and never fail."

"Which is he?" asked Siegfried.

"Drive the herd into the river, and then see if you can pick him out," was the answer.

So Siegfried drove the horses down the sloping bank into the foaming stream; but the flood was too strong for them. Some soon turned back to the shore; and others, struggling madly, were swept away and carried to the distant sea.

Only one swam safely across. He shook the water from his mane and then turned and plunged again into the stream. Right bravely he stemmed the torrent the second time. He clambered up the sloping bank, and stood fearlessly by Siegfried's side.

"Do I need to tell you that this is the horse?" said the stranger. "This is Greyfell, the shining hope, worthy to serve the noblest of all heroes. Take him."

Then Siegfried noticed that the horse's mane glittered and flashed like the rays of the sun, and that his coat was as white and clear as the fresh-fallen snow on the mountains. He turned to speak to the

"I ride into the great wide world."

stranger, but he was nowhere to be seen, and Siegfried wondered who, indeed, this had been who had helped him in his choice.

With a light heart, he sprang upon the noble Greyfell and rode briskly across the meadows.

"Whither ridest thou?" cried Gripir, the ancient herdsman, from his doorway on the mountain crag.

"I ride into the great wide world," said Siegfried, "but I know not which road to take. Tell me, I pray you, whither I shall go; for you are wise, and you know the things which have been and the things which are to be."

"Do this," answered the son of the giants: "Wherever you can help the needy, there ride. Wherever you can right the wrong, there ride. Wherever you can punish evil, there ride, and fear not. Farewell."

And the mighty master of herdsmen withdrew into his lonely abode; and Siegfried rode joyously out into the world to do his part among men.

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and observe the most interesting passages. Compare Greyfell with Bucephalus. Compare Siegfried with Alexander. Read with expression the dialogue between Siegfried and the stranger.

PROPER NAMES: *Siegfried* (*sēg'frēd*), a hero of many German legends; *Greyfell* (*grā'fĕl*); *Grī'pir*, an ancient herdsman, the last of the giants.

TRAVEL[1]

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out

Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,

Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and coconuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies

[1] From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands

Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,

With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

WORD STUDY: *mosque* (*mŏsk*); *mĭn'a ret*; *ba zaar'*; *flamin'go*; *palanquin* (*pal an keēn'*); *căr'a van*; *E gўp'tian*.

THE RAILROAD[1]

It was a wild story that came to Trip's ears, and no wonder she was frightened out of what few little wits she had. For as she came around the rock a whole troop of her schoolmates sprang up to meet her, and one cried one thing, and one another, but the burden seemed to be, "The railroad! the railroad! Oh, have you heard?"

"Yes," said little Trip, unconcernedly; "I know there is a railroad going to run in Applethorpe."

"Oh, but that's nothing! It's going to run right through your house!" exclaimed Olive.

"Right through your front door!" added Martha.

"Now, I don't believe that," replied Trip. "A railroad can't get through a door."

"Why, of course," said Olive, "they'll take the door out; they'll pull the house down. A railroad is too big, — it's as big as a meeting-house." Olive had very hazy notions about railroads, never having seen one.

"I don't believe there's going to be any railroad," meditated Trip, after a pause, choosing what seemed the quickest and surest way of saving the front door.

"Oh! yes, there is! I heard my father, — why, my father knows all about it. It's coming now."

[1] By Gail Hamilton (Mary Abigail Dodge), an American writer.

"And, Trip, if I were you," said Olive, in a low, impressive voice, "I wouldn't stay at school to-day. I would go straight home and put my boxes and things together so's to save them. I expect they'll tear the house down right away. I shouldn't wonder if they had it all torn down by the time you get home."

Now was Trip's heart in a flutter all day, though she resolutely refused to go home. She even persisted in her professed doubt as to whether there was going to be any railroad at all; but in the depths of her quaking heart she saw already the dear old house torn quite away, and herself and all the family forced to rove homeless over the world. So it is no wonder she was a little absent-minded that day, and missed two words in spelling, for which she cried vigorously all noontime, with a little underwail for the lost house.

But as she came down the lane at night, behold! there was the house as whole as ever, — that was one comfort. No wandering about in the darkness to-night, at least. And there, too, was Jack turning somersaults under the apple tree, and Lillo frisking about frantically, as if no ruin impended. So Trip plucked up heart a little, and asked Jack what it was all about, and "*Is* the railroad going to tear our house all down, Jack Straws?"

Jack Straws, thus appealed to, left off standing on his head, and tried his feet by way of variety. Then, thrusting both fists under her chin, one after the other, as an appropriate way of saying it, he answered, "No, Trip-up. I wish 'twas."

"Well, there," sighed Trip, greatly relieved; "I knew 'twasn't. But Olive and all the girls said the railroad was coming, and I must pack up my clothes."

"But 'tis coming, so pack away."

"Why, what? — when? — where are we going?"

"Well, how should you like the barn, say? The hay is soft, and we should be handy to milk; and then there are the horned oxen to do the dairy work."

But seeing Trip's dismayed face, he repented himself. "No, Trip, the line *was* laid out, and it ran right through our front door. That's a fact, now. I saw the stake driven down right before the front door. But father told them that, besides moving the house, it would cut the farm in two halves, sir, and make trouble; and what do you think they've done, sir?"

"Stopped the railroad, I guess," said Trip, breathlessly.

"No, sir. Whisked it off one side, and are going slam-bang through the peach trees. We've saved the house, but we've lost the garden. All the currant

bushes are making farewell visits, and the hop toads are breaking up housekeeping."

"Jack," said Trip, solemnly, "do you care?"

"Care? Do I care? No! I was never so glad since I was born."

"So am I. I shouldn't like to live in the barn, but I should like to have the railroad run through the garden."

But the older people were not at all glad. The dear old trees had to come down, and their dear old roots to come up. All the robins' nests were rifled, and the robins did not know what to make of it. Kitty Clover came out to refresh herself with a roll in the catnip, and there was no catnip there. Prince Hum came down to dip his dainty beak into the humming-bird balm, and saw only a gang of rough men digging away with all their might and main. As for Trip, she sat on a stone, and watched and wondered.

When they told her the road must be leveled, she thought a man would come with a great scythe, and slice off the hills like a loaf of brown bread, and lay the slices in the hollows, — which was not strange, seeing it was only a little while since she had learned that, when people bought land, they did not take it up and carry it home. But after a while the railroad was completed. The hill had been dug out, the ties

placed, the rails fastened, the road fenced, and the first train was to run through.

Jack put on his Sunday jacket, and went with his father to the old brown house that served for a station. Gerty had asked to go with them, but it was not thought best. "Cars are no place for girls," had lordly Jack declaimed, sleeking down his elf locks before his looking-glass.

"I should like to know, didn't Aunt Jenny say 'twas just as nice as a parlor, and didn't Aunt Jenny go in the cars?" asked Gerty.

"Now I'm ready," said Jack, rather abruptly, but very wisely, changing the subject.

"And I think there won't be many will look nicer," said little Trip, admiringly, drawing her tiny fingers over his velvet jacket.

"Now you mind," said Jack; "you go and sit on the rock out there, and see me when I go by."

"Yes," said Gerty, forgetting her disappointment, "we will."

"And don't you go straying away, because they'll come so fast, if you're not there, you can't get back before they'll be all gone, and then you won't see me. I shall whiz by just like a flash."

"Oh," said Trip, "I shall look just as tight!"

And so she did; for though from their rock by the

well they could see miles of railroad in each direction, she scarcely dared turn her head for fear that the wonderful train would flash by, and she not see it. But after a half hour's waiting, a black speck appeared at the end of the long line; it grew bigger and bigger; all the family came out to see it; volumes of smoke rose and rolled backwards from it;

there was a rattle and a roar and a din. Gerty and Trip shrank back, but it had already passed them; and there, on the platform of the last car, stood Jack, holding on by the door, and bowing and smiling.

Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it was to be a boy, and ride in that wonderful train! and what a tame and humiliating thing it was to be a girl, and just sit on a rock and see him go by!

So the railroad was finished, and the grown-up people found it was not so bad after all; for the cars passed through a "cut" so deep that the engine smokestack hardly reached the top, and you only knew they were there by the sound.

"And if the well does not cave in," said Trip's father, "we shall be as good as new."

The well never did cave in, though it stood on the very edge of the cut. The garden went over to the other side of the house, and did not mind it at all. The currants and the raspberries and the blackberries held their own, and some fine new peach trees more than made good the loss of the old.

There was also a continual running to see the swiftly passing trains. A dozen times a day the sweet farm silence was broken in upon by its roar and rush, and so many times wildly sped all the little feet

over the velvet turf to the well, to gaze at the ever charming sight.

Lillo caught the fever, and carried it to extremes. "Cars!" rung through the house at the approach of every train, and at the cry out leaped Lillo, past the well and down the bank, barking furiously, and tearing along beside the train till it emerged from the cut. Then he would return, wagging his tail, and looking up into the children's faces as proud and happy as if he had done some great thing.

What he evidently meant was, "You make great talk about your swift cars, but you see *I* am not afraid of them. *I* can keep up with them, yes, and chase them away." Indeed, he was so on the alert that Jack had only to say, "*Cars*, Lillo!" and away Lillo would rush pell mell to the opening by the well, and execute several fine barks and great leaps before he discovered that he had been imposed upon.

And so many curious and wonderful things happened at the farmhouse on account of that railroad, that I have not now the time to tell about them.

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and observe the different conversations. Now choose parts and read each conversation, being careful to speak distinctly and in natural tones. Re-read the whole story in such way as to give pleasure to those who listen to you.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN ENGLAND[1]

There are so many towns and so much business is going on in England that many railways have been built, and it is possible to reach almost any place by rail. Indeed, there is a network of tracks covering the entire country. The roadbeds are smooth, and traveling is a pleasure.

Even the small stations are of stone, with solid stone platforms. Every station has a well-kept and beautiful lawn beside it, and sometimes a neat flower garden.

We find that on every train there are two classes of cars, or coaches, and on some trains there are three. The cars of the first class are fine; but those of the second and third are almost as comfortable, and as they are cheaper, most people prefer to ride in them.

The door by which we enter is in the side of the car instead of at the end. The conductor, or guard as he is called, stands on the footboard outside and takes our tickets as we go in. Then he locks the door, and we find seats near the windows. We are in one of the small compartments into which the English cars are divided, and here we must remain till the end of our journey.

The train runs very fast, and we look out at the

[1] By Frank G. Carpenter.

beautiful country through which we are passing. Notice the farms. The fields are divided by green hedgerows. Here we see a man plowing with a pair of sturdy horses; in the next field is a steam plow, puffing loudly as it turns ten furrows at a time. In this meadow is a flock of fat sheep, and farther away we see a herd of beautiful cattle.

Look at the farmhouses. How homelike they seem, and how comfortable! The barns are not like those in our country. They are broader and lower, and some have old-fashioned thatched roofs. They are used mostly for stables and for storing grain and tools. The hay and straw are stacked out of doors, the tops of the stacks being sometimes covered with canvas.

How old everything is! The side of that farmhouse is covered with ivy, and moss is growing on the roof of the barn. The hedges look as though they had always been there, and the roads were traveled a thousand years ago. The bridges are made of heavy stones closely fitted together, and their sides are covered with moss.

Look across this broad valley with its green fields and pleasant homes. Many of the fields have little paths through them, and we see people strolling along them. The English are great walkers, and no one thinks it hard to take a five-mile tramp across the country.

What is that great stone building which rises like a

fortification on the top of the hill over there? It is an old castle, or at least all that is left of an old castle, where some great lord or baron had his home hundreds of years ago. If we should enter it, we should find it a gloomy place. The stone stairways are narrow and crooked. The windows are only small slits in the thick stone walls. The rooms are dark and cold. The knights and ladies who lived here had but few of the comforts which we now enjoy.

Most of the land in England belongs to a few persons. We see the houses of these great landowners as we ride along. There is one in the grove of trees just ahead of us. It is a large mansion shut off from the road by high walls and surrounded by a beautiful park. It has a fine garden, and large greenhouses filled with beautiful flowers.

The owner of this estate has many servants and thousands of acres of land. He has woods stocked with deer and partridges and other game, which the poor people dare not molest. He has a number of farms which he rents to the farmers who cultivate them, paying him from five to twenty dollars a year for each acre so cultivated. There are such estates in all parts of England. They descend from the father to the eldest son, and are thus kept in the same family for hundreds and hundreds of years.

But see, our train has stopped at a station. The guard unlocks the door; he opens it, and announces the name of the village. This is the place to which we were journeying, and we alight from the car. We look around us. How pleasant and substantial everything seems! The houses are old and very homelike. Most of them have little gardens in front of them. There are rosebushes and vines and old-fashioned flowers of many kinds.

We look down the street and see a little stone building with an ivy-covered tower: it is the village church. Across the street is a more modern building, well-lighted and cheery: it is the schoolhouse. On the corner near by is a quaint old house, with large windows and a tiled roof. Over its broad front door swings a sign on which is painted, "The King's Arms." This is the hotel where we shall stay a few days, and the landlord is at the door to welcome us.

EXPRESSION: Name some of the things that are described in this lesson. Read the paragraphs which describe the railroad train. Read the description (1) of the farms; (2) of the farmhouses; (3) of the castle; (4) of the village. In what way does a description differ from a story?

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words correctly and learn the meaning of each: *roadbed; compartment; hedgerows; thatched; fortification; baron; stocked.*

THE DESERT WANDERERS

Two Arab boys met in a narrow street of an Arabian town. "What is thy name and whither dost thou wander?" asked one boy of the other.

"My name is Hassan. I return with water to my father's tent beyond the walls of the town. Thy name and where goest thou?"

"I am Ahmed, the son of Hamed, and I am on my way to yonder school, where I learn the words of the sacred book of my people." And Ahmed shows Hassan a well-worn volume of the Koran in a velvet bag which hangs upon his arm.

Hassan looked with contempt on the flat-roofed houses of dried brick and the mud walls which surrounded the village. "I am the child of the desert, and I belong to the Free People," he declares with pride. "There are no walls about our dwellings, and no man can say to us 'Go,' or 'Stay.' We set up our tents where we will, for the whole wide desert is our home. But the sun mounts and I must go."

The desert boy swung his leathern bottle of water over his shoulder and strode away with long, springing steps.

Ahmed is the son of a wealthy trader. His father owns one of the deepest wells in the village, and

every day men, women, and children come to him to buy water.

The town in which Ahmed lives is built in a fertile spot called a wady or an oasis. It lies in a broad, deep valley where there are many wells. Without the village there are little square fields fenced in with walls of stone or earth. Here wheat and barley grow. Fruit trees, vineyards, and groves of date palms make this valley a green and beautiful place in the dry and sandy desert.

Beyond the town a barren plain of sand stretches for miles and miles on every side. East and west and north and south nothing can be seen but sand and rocky hills. There are no houses, no roads, and no trees. All day long the hot sun shines down on the glittering sand and the barren rocks. No clouds shade the traveler from the burning heat, and the winds bring no coolness.

There are hundreds of Arabs who live in the great desert, wandering from one place to another to find water and pasture for their flocks and herds. When the heat dries up the springs where they have set their tents, they move away to another oasis that lies like a green island in the desert.

The father of Hassan is one of the desert wanderers. He has pitched his tent near the village wells for a

night, and has sent his son to buy fresh water from the famous well owned by Ahmed's father.

He loves the desert, and he has taught his son to love it too. They would not exchange their wild lives for any home in the towns or cities of Arabia.

Hassan is a fine-looking Arab lad, straight and tall. His face is dark and his eyes are black. He wears a gown of white cotton tied about his waist with a girdle. A fringed handkerchief covers his head and neck, and sandals are strapped upon his bare feet.

He hurries to his father's tent and finds him preparing to take a long day's journey across the desert, with his herds of cattle and goats. The servants are packing the household goods, and all is bustle and confusion.

Already Hassan's mother and little sister have mounted a kneeling camel. They drink eagerly from the leathern bottle, for they have waited long for pure water from the village well.

The camels are brought up one after another. They kneel and are loaded with tents, cushions, bags of rice and dates, and tanks of water.

Hassan mounts his own tall yellow camel. But what a strange-looking saddle is strapped to the animal's back! A wooden box hangs on each side of his great humps. On the top of the boxes and between

the camel's humps are spread cushions and shawls, and Hassan can ride as comfortably as though he were sitting in an easy-chair. Over his head is stretched a green awning to protect him from the terrible heat of the sun.

The camels move slowly away with noiseless tread and swinging movement. Hassan's mother pulls together the green curtains of her awning and reclines half asleep upon the cushions.

But Hassan sits upright, watching everything with eager eye. At the head of the long procession of camels and herds he can see his father riding a beautiful gray horse. Yes, that tall Arab, with keen, bright eyes and long beard, with a crimson robe and a fringed turban, is Hassan's father. And the lad thinks that he is the finest-looking man of all the desert.

The barefooted herdsmen shout to the sheep and goats as they drive them on over the sand. Hassan is proud of his father's fine herds, and he hopes the pastures they seek will be fresh and green, and the springs full of water.

The caravan moves on, leaving the white buildings of the town far behind. All around is the loose yellow sand of the desert, but far in the distance Hassan can see the purple tops of low mountains.

For hours and hours they travel. The hot sun sinks

in the west. The hills are nearer, and the tall feathery tops of the date palm trees are seen. The camels quicken their steps. They scent the water. Faster and faster they trot, their broad flat feet just touching the top of the sand.

At last they reach the foot of the rocky hills. There before them lies a beautiful valley, and down the slope trickles a little stream. How the sight of the pure clear water gladdens them!

Green grass is growing along the banks, and Hassan rejoices to see clusters of ripe dates under the great leaves on the top of the palm trees.

And now the camels stop and kneel. The loads are removed, and the tent poles set deep into the ground. Heavy cloth and skins of animals are spread above the poles. Across the middle of the tent a white woolen carpet is hung, thus making two rooms. One is for the men and the other for the women and children. Beautiful mats cover the ground; fine shawls are spread upon pillows, and the Arab home is complete.

The day grows cooler and the red sun sinks from view. Mats are spread in front of the tent. The Arab father, in flowing robes and bright turban, takes his place upon one of them. He sits in silence while his supper of dates, [illegible]'s milk, and bread is pre-

pared and set before him. Tents of striped cloth for the servants and their families are pitched along the banks of the tiny stream. The camels, the sheep, and the goats drink the water and crop the grass.

But where is the fine gray horse which the father rode across the desert? He is in his master's tent, and Hassan is feeding him with dates and camel's milk. The horse is petted like a favorite child. He has the same food as the children, and he is loved by every one in the household.

And now the stars peep out and the moon shines down upon the sleeping flocks and the tent in the midst of the great silent desert. Its light falls on the sparkling water, and the feathery palm trees of the oasis that will for many days be the dwelling place of Hassan, the Arabian boy.

EXPRESSION: Read the lesson again very carefully and then name (1) the persons to whom it refers; (2) the place or places in which the action takes place; (3) the various objects that are described.

Read with expression the passages which describe (1) the town; (2) the desert; (3) Hassan; (4) Hassan's father; (5) the camels; (6) the father's horse; (7) the encampment.

WORD STUDY: *A rā'bi an, A ra'bi a, Ăr'ăb; Hăs'san; Ah'med; Ham'ed; fer'tile; wä'dy; o ā'sis; vine'yards; căr'a văn; tûr'ban.*

Kō'ran, the holy book of the Arabs.

A CHILD'S VISIT TO THE MOON[1]

One evening in summer a child stood watching the stars in the sky above him. The moon had just risen in the east, sending its soft light upon the earth.

"Oh, if I could only visit the stars!" he sighed.

Soon he began to feel weary. He sat down and leaned his head against a grassy bank. Then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

It seemed to him that he had been asleep about three seconds when he heard a clear sweet voice calling his name.

He sprang to his feet and looked around. A little girl dressed in white was standing near him.

Her eyes were blue, her hair was golden like the sunset, and on her shoulders there was a pair of silver wings.

"Don't you wish to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Where are you going? What is your name?" said the child.

"My name is Stella," was the answer, "and I am going to visit the stars."

"Oh, I should like that better than anything else," said the child. "But how can I go?"

[1] Adapted from "Sun, Moon, and Stars," by Agnes Giberne.

"I think your wings are strong enough to carry you," said Stella.

"Wings!" cried the child; and peeping over his shoulder he saw them there, sure enough, all ready for use. He felt very strange, but he said, "Oh, yes, let us go."

"We will visit the moon first," said Stella.

"Yes, because it is the nearest," said the child.

"How soon shall we start?"

"Now. We need not wait a moment."

"But shall we not take some food with us?"

"Oh, no," answered Stella. "Those who have wings are never hungry."

"Well, I am ready," said the child.

One! two! three! They spread their wings and rose side by side through the darkness.

Below them everything seemed to sink and fade away. Above them, all seemed to broaden and grow bright.

"See!" said Stella. "We have left the earth behind us. We are flying through space now."

"How far does space reach?" asked the child.

"I do not know. If there is anything beyond space, we only know that God is there."

This seemed to the child a wonderful and beautiful thought.

"Oh, what is that?" he cried, as a small dark body rushed past them towards the earth. Soon it flamed up for a moment like fire, and then was seen no more.

"Only a shooting star," answered Stella. "Have you never watched for shooting stars at night?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the child, "but I did not know what they were like. I hope one will not strike us. Will not that shooting star fall on the earth and kill somebody?"

"No, it will burn up before it reaches the earth. Now, shut your eyes and take my hand. Do not look until I give you leave."

The child obeyed, and on they flew. Once he said,

"We are going ever and ever so fast, but I cannot feel the wind."

"There cannot be wind where there is no air," said Stella. "Wind is moving air."

"Then is there nothing here?" asked the child.

"Nothing that we can see or feel."

Suddenly the child felt himself standing upon his feet.

"Open your eyes," said Stella, softly.

"Why, here we are back on the earth again!" cried the child.

"Do you think so? Look around!"

"It's only earth."

It was a strange earth. Here and there were great mountains casting black shadows upon the plain. The sunshine was so bright and hot that the child could not face it. No grass nor trees nor other plants could be seen anywhere.

"Look up," said Stella.

The child obeyed.

The sky was black, not blue. And the sun! Was it the very same sun? A fringe of many-colored lights streamed from it on all sides; and it was far brighter than the child had ever seen it from his earth home.

Then he saw another splendid sight. A shining

body like the moon was floating aloft, but it was many times larger than the moon, and covered with curious marks.

"That is the earth," said Stella.

"I never knew we had such a shining world to live in," said the child. He could hardly believe it was true.

"How do you like this heat?" asked Stella.

"I wonder that I can stand it," was the answer. "I never felt such heat."

"You came with wings," said Stella. "If you had come in any other way, you could not endure it a second."

Just then a round, hard body came rushing down from above, and struck the ground near where they stood. The ground shook, yet there was no sound.

"Oh!" cried the child, "I did not hear it."

"There are no noises in the moon," said Stella, "for there is no air. Without our wings, we could not hear each other speak. That was only a shooting star."

"A shooting star! But this one did not burn."

"No, there is no air to make it burn. If you will only watch you may see many more."

"I wonder where they come from," said the child.

"Millions and millions of them are always rushing round the sun and moon," answered Stella.

Far away, the child saw a great rocky wall, like a ridge of mountains.

"I wonder if we could find some water over there," he said.

"We will go there," answered Stella; "but I may as well tell you that there is no water on the moon."

"No water at all?"

"None at all, at least on this side. Nobody knows anything about the farther side. Even our wings cannot carry us there. Come, shall we mount the rocks? Spring upward as high as you can."

The child obeyed; but instead of jumping three or four feet, he easily jumped forty.

"Why, how is this!" he cried. "I never felt so light. I never jumped so far in my life."

"Well, you have not been used to jumping in the moon," said Stella. "Weight here is much less than on the earth."

"Why so?"

"Because the moon is so much smaller than the earth. It does not draw you towards it with so much force."

A few more leaps, and some swift climbing and running, brought them to the rocky wall. They could see no grass, no water — only black shadows and a black sky, and the fierce bright sunshine.

"I could not bear to live here," said the child.

"I have not shown you the worst yet," said Stella. "You have yet to learn about the moon's night. Sit down, and let us wait. The sun will set in less than a week, and then night will come."

"A week!" cried the child.

"Less than a week. The moon's day lasts a fortnight of our time; but her day is more than half over now, and we will wait and see the sun set."

So they waited, and watched the sun as it crept slowly down toward the mountain tops and then sank out of sight. Night was upon them. But it was not a very dark night, for the shining earth was brighter than a dozen full moons.

The cold was fearful. The child drew close to his little friend and shivered.

"Have you seen enough, dear?" asked Stella.

"Oh, yes! Let us go home."

"Then take my hand and spread your wings. Shut your eyes, and have no fear."

Swiftly they flew from the dreary land of the moon, and before the child thought it possible, he was back in the garden by his mother's house.

"Good by," said Stella, and she faded from his sight.

The child looked up. His mother had come to call him.

THE WIND AND THE MOON[1]

TO BE MEMORIZED

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about —
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

[1] By George Macdonald, a Scottish author (1824–1905).

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —
Sure and certain the Moon was gone.

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind : " What a marvel of power am I !
With my breath,
Good faith !
I blew her to death —
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in. What strength have I ! "

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair ;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

EXPRESSION : Who are the speakers in this story? What is such a story sometimes called?

What boast did the Wind make at the beginning? Read it just as he is supposed to have spoken it. Read his boast at the end, putting life and meaning into the words.

What effect did his boasting have upon the Moon? What effect do boasters usually have? What is your opinion of them? Repeat the lines which tell of the changes in the appearance of the moon. Read the stanza which describes the full moon.

Now memorize the whole poem and learn to speak it with feeling and force.

WORD STUDY: Spell and pronounce: *ghost, rĕv'els, rā'di-ant, af fair'.*

A HAPPY BOY AND HIS PLAYMATES[1]

Bevis had wandered far into the woods, looking at this thing and talking to that, and utterly forgetful of time and distance. When, at length, he began to think of returning to the place where he had left his father loading hay, he found that he did not know which way to go.

Just as he was thinking he would ask a bee to show him the way (for there was not a single bird in the

[1] By Richard Jefferies, an English writer (1848–1887).

woods), he came to a place where the oaks were thinner, and the space between them was covered with bramble bushes. Here there were ripe blackberries, and soon his lips were stained with their juice. Passing on from bramble thicket to bramble thicket, by and by he shouted and danced and clapped his hands with joy, for there were some nuts on a hazel bough, and they were ripe, he was sure, for the side toward the sun was rosy.

Out came his pocket knife, and with seven tremendous slashes, off came a branch with a crook. He crooked down a bough and gathered the nuts; there were eight on that bough, and on the next, four, and on the next only two. But there was another bough beyond, from which, in a minute, he had twenty more. He could not stay to crack them, but crammed them in his pocket and ceased to count.

"I will take fifty up to the squirrel," he said. So he tugged at the boughs and dragged them down, and went on from tree to tree till he had gone very far into the nut-tree wood.

At last the thought came to him again that he would like to get out. So he stroked a knotted oak with his hand, smoothing it down, and said, "Oak, oak, tell me which way to go."

The oak tried to speak; but there was no wind, and

he could not. He dropped just one leaf on the right side, and Bevis picked it up, and as he did so, a nut-tree bough brushed his cheek.

The bough could not speak, but it bent down towards a little brook. Bevis dropped on one knee and lifted up a little water in the hollow of his hand. He drank it, and asked which way to go.

The stream could not speak, because there was no stone to splash against; but it sparkled in the sunshine and looked so pleasant that Bevis followed it a little way. Soon he came to an open place with twisted old oaks, gnarled and knotted, where a blue butterfly was playing.

"Show me the way out, you beautiful creature," said Bevis.

"So I will, Bevis," said the butterfly. "I have just come from the field where your father is at work. He has been calling you, and I think he will soon be coming to look for you. Follow me, my darling."

So Bevis followed the little blue butterfly. Without pausing anywhere, but just zigzagging on, the butterfly floated before Bevis; and Bevis danced after him, the nuts falling from his crammed pockets. Presently he whistled to the butterfly to stop a moment while he picked a blackberry; the butterfly settled on a leaf.

Then away they went again together till they left the wood behind and began to go up the hill. There the butterfly grew restless, and Bevis could scarcely keep with him. The child raced as fast as he could go uphill, but at the top the butterfly thought he saw a friend of his, and away he flew.

Bevis looked around. Everything was strange and new to him. There were hills and fields on every side, but not the field where he had left his father. There was nothing but the blue sky and the great sun, which did not seem far off.

While he wondered which way to go, the Wind came along the ridge, and taking him softly by the ear, said, "Bevis, my love, I have been waiting for you ever so long. Why did you not come before?"

"Because you never asked me," said Bevis.

"Oh, yes, I did. I asked you twenty times in the woods. I whispered to you from the nut trees."

"Well, now I am come," said Bevis. "But where do you live?"

"This is where I live, dear. I live upon the hill. Sometimes I go to the sea, and sometimes to the woods and sometimes I run through the valley; but I always come back here. And now I want you to romp with me."

"I will come," said Bevis. "I like a romp; but are you very rough?"

"Oh, no, dear; not with you."

"I am a great big boy," said Bevis. "I shall soon get too big to romp with you. How old are you, you jolly wind?"

The Wind laughed and said: "I am older than all the very old things. I am as old as the brook."

"The brook is very old," said Bevis. "He told me he was older than the hills; so I do not think you are as old as he is."

"Yes, I am," said the Wind. "He was always my playfellow. We were children together."

"If you are so very, very old," said the child, it is no use for you to romp with me, for I am strong. I can carry my papa's gun on my shoulder, and I can run very fast."

"I can run quick," said the Wind.

"But not so quick as I," said Bevis. "Now see if you can catch me."

Away he ran, and for a moment he left the Wind behind. But the wind blew a little faster, and overtook him; and they raced along together like two wild things, till Bevis began to pant. Then down he sat on the turf and kicked up his heels and shouted; and the wind fanned his cheek and cooled him, and

stroked his hair. Then Bevis jumped up again and danced along, and the wind helped him gently forward.

"You are a jolly old Wind," said Bevis, "and I like you very much. But you must tell me a story, or we shall part. I'm sure we shall."

"I will try," said the Wind; "but I have forgotten all my stories; because the people never come to listen to me now."

"Why don't they come?"

"They are too busy. They have so much to do that they have quite forsaken me."

"Well, I will come to you," said Bevis. "I will come and play with you."

"Yes, do," said the Wind, "and drink me, dear, as much as ever you can. I shall make you strong. Now drink me."

Bevis stood still and drew in a long, long breath. He drank the wind till his chest was full and his heart beat quicker. Then he jumped and danced and shouted.

Then he lay down on the grass, and heard the wind whispering in the tufts and bunches; and the earth under him answered, and asked the wind to stay and talk.

But the Wind said, "I have got Bevis to-day.

Come on, Bevis"; and Bevis stood up and walked along.

"Now tell me, this instant," he said, "why the sun is up there in the sky. Is he very hot if you touch him? Which way does he go when he sinks behind the wood? Who lives up there, and who painted the sky?"

The Wind laughed aloud, and said: "Bevis, my darling, you have not drunk half enough of me yet, else you would never ask such silly questions. Why, those are like the silly questions the people ask who live in the cities, and never feel me, or taste me, or speak to me. I have seen them looking through long tubes —"

"I know," said Bevis; "they are telescopes. You look at the sun and the stars, and know all about them."

"Pooh!" said the Wind. "Don't you believe such stuff, my pet. How can they know anything about the sun, who never come up on the hills or go into the wood? How can they know anything about the stars, who never stopped on the hills all night? How can they who are always shut up in houses know anything of such things?

"But Bevis, my love, if you want to know all about the sun and the stars and everything, come to me

and I will tell you. In the morning, get up as quick as you can, and drink me as I come down the hill. In the day, go up on the hill, and drink me again, and stay there, if you can, till the stars shine out. And by and by you will understand all about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth, which is so beautiful. The more you drink of me the more you will want, and the more I shall love you."

"Yes, I will drink you," said Bevis, "and I will shout. Hello!" And he ran up to the top of the little hill, and danced about on it, as wild as could be.

"Dance away, dear," said the Wind, much delighted. "Everybody dances who drinks me. Come, dear, let us race again."

So the two went on again and came to a hawthorn bush. Then Bevis, full of mischief, tried to slip away from the Wind by running round the bush; but the Wind laughed and caught him.

A little farther on, and they came to the old familiar field, and there Bevis saw his father busy at work loading hay into the wagon. The field was yellow with stubble; and the hills beyond it and the blue valley were just the same as he had left them.

Then the Wind caressed him, and said: "Good-by,

darling. I am going yonder, straight across to the blue valley and the blue sky, where they meet. But I shall be back again when you come next time. Now remember to drink me — come up here and drink me."

"I will remember," said Bevis. "Good-by, jolly old Wind."

"Good-by, dearest," whispered the Wind.

As Bevis went down the hill, a blue harebell, that had been singing farewell to summer all the morning, called to him and asked him to gather her and carry her home; for she would rather go with him than stay, now autumn was so near.

Bevis gathered the harebell, and ran with the flower in his hand down the hill; and as he ran, the wild thyme kissed his feet and said, "Come again, Bevis, come again."

At the bottom of the hill the wagon was standing, all loaded now. So his father lifted him up, and he rode home on the sweet, fragrant hay.

EXPRESSION: Read this story silently, then read it aloud in such manner as to give pleasure to those who hear you.

Choose parts and read again the conversation between the Wind and Bevis.

Pronounce correctly: *Bē'vis; thyme* (*tīme*); *gnarled* (*närld*).

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!"
But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow — follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered; "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Said, "Follow me — follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies.
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills,
Were foaming mad with him!
And it was dark as darkest night could be,
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with "Follow him, follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go — let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he!
But the thunder growled from the black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray Owl from a tree top flew
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh! the awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the Moon looked out from the cloud and said,
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"

And the little boy promised — and cried and cried —
He would never leave his mother's side;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again,
But oh! what a day
When the little boy ran away!

SPRINGTIME IN THE COUNTRY[1]

Spring always seems to begin on the morning that Jem comes rushing into my room with a sprig of cherry blossoms in his hand. You see, the cherry tree grows just outside of Jem's window, and he watches it very carefully. And then as soon as the blossoms are out he picks a branch and flies round the house, showing it to everybody.

We begin to keep a little notebook and write down in it the cherry blossom day and all the other days of the really important things. There is the day the apple buds begin to burst, and there is the day when we first see the yellow butterflies flitting along near the ground. And then comes the day when we pick the first violets and find the first bird's nest. All of these important days we write in our notebook.

[1] By Arthur Ransome.

Jem and Jetty come to my door soon after breakfast. They knock very quietly. I pretend not to hear them. They knock again; still I do not answer. Then they thunder on the door. Do you know how to thunder on a door? You do it by doubling up your fists and hitting hard on the door with both hands. You can make a great noise in that way.

And then suddenly I jump up and roar out, "Who's there?" — as if I were a terrible giant. Jem and Jetty come tumbling in and stand in front of me, and bow and say, "Oh! Mr. Giant, we want you to come out for a walk."

And then away we go through the garden into the fields. Our three pairs of eyes are wide open so as not to miss anything.

First we watch the lark rise up into the sky. He is a little speckled brown bird. Jem says he ought not to be so proud just because he has a fine voice, for there are prettier birds than he. If you watch the way he swings into the air with little leaps of flying, higher, and higher, and higher, you cannot help thinking that perhaps he is indeed a little too vain.

He likes to climb higher up in the air than all the other birds. But he takes good care that you shall not forget him even if he is out of sight. He sings

"We watch the lark rise up in the sky."

and sings and sings. Jem and Jetty like to wait and watch him till he drops down again in long jumps.

"Now he is coming," says Jem, as he sees the lark poise for an instant.

"Now he is coming," cries Jetty, as the little feathered songster drops down a foot or two.

We always know where to look for the wild violets. They like cool, shady places for their homes. We find them nestling in the banks, under the hedge that runs along the side of the wood. Jetty carries a little trowel and a basket. She digs into the damp earth all around the roots of the violets, then pulls up the plants and carries them home to her garden.

Sometimes we pick wild flowers and send them to pale-faced children who live in the town. They think it must be very dull in the country. But they do not know how lovely the country is in the springtime.

The woods are full of living things. There are the mice, the rabbits, and the birds. And soon all the trees will be green and the ground will be carpeted with bright flowers.

From the high windows of our house we can see over the fields to the woods, and we can see the trees change color very early in the spring. We watch the buds coming out on every branch.

On the way to the woods we pass through broad

green fields. In these fields we see many sheep nibbling at the grass. Very early in the spring a day comes when, by the side of one old gray sheep, there is something small and white. Then we all three go across the field as quietly as we can to see the little new lamb. But before we are very close to them the gray mother moves away, and the little white lamb jumps up and scampers after her.

Before the spring is half gone other little lambs are skipping about and chasing each other over the green fields. Jem and Jetty are always wondering what the soft wooly creatures are thinking about in those queer little heads with their big ears and great round eyes.

When we come back from our long walk, we talk about the things we have seen to-day. And then we count up all the signs of spring.

"Children," I say, "how do you know that spring has come?"

"I know it," Jem quickly answers, "because we have had the cherry blossoms, and the apple blooms, and the violets, and the pussy willows!"

"Then there are the robins, and the butterflies, and the lambs," cries Jetty.

"Yes," I answer the happy children, "we know by all these lovely signs that spring has really come."

MADAME ARACHNE[1]

Madame Arachne sat in the sun at her door. From a spider's point of view she would have been considered a plump and pleasing person, but from a human standpoint she had, perhaps, more legs than are necessary to our ideal of beauty; and as for eyes, she was simply extravagant, having so many pairs that she could see all round the horizon at once.

She had built her house across the pane of a window in a lighthouse, and she sat at her door, in all the pride of patiently waiting for flies. The wind from the south breathed upon her pretty web, and rocked her to and fro. The sea made a great roaring on the rocks below; the sun shone; it was a lovely day.

Suddenly, a curious small cry or call startled Madame Arachne. It sounded as if some one said, "Yank, yank, yank!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried she; "what can that be?"

Then was heard a sharp tapping, which shook her with terror much more forcibly than the breeze had shaken her.

She started as if to run, when "Yank, yank, yank!" sounded again, this time close above her. She was not obliged to turn her head. Having so many eyes, she

[1] By Celia Thaxter, an American writer (1836–1894).

saw, reaching over the top of the window, a sharp black beak and two round black eyes belonging to Mr. Nuthatch. He also was seeking his supper, and he purposed to himself to take poor Madame Arachne as a tidbit.

There was barely time for her to save her life. She threw herself from her door by a rope which she always carried with her. Down, down, down, she went, till at last she reached the rock below. But Nuthatch saw, and swept down after her.

Her many legs now served a good purpose. She scampered like mad over the rough surface, and crept under some shingles near the foot of the lighthouse — and was safe. Nuthatch couldn't squeeze in after her. He probed every crack with his sharp beak, but did not reach her; then he flew away to seek some easier prey.

After a while, poor Madame Arachne crept out again and climbed to her window, looking all about with her numerous eyes while she swung. When she reached the pane where her pretty house had been built, she saw that no vestige of it was left. "Ugh! — the ugly old monster!" she whispered to herself.

Mr. Nuthatch had fluttered about in every corner of the window, and with wings and feet had torn the slight web all to pieces. Patiently Madame Arachne toiled to make a new one; and by the time the sun had set

it was all finished, and swinging in the breeze, as its predecessor had done.

And now a kind fate sent the hungry web-spinner her supper. A big, blustering bluebottle fly came blundering against the windowpane. Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced on him, and with terrible dexterity had grabbed him and bound him hand and foot. Then she proceeded to eat him at her leisure. Fate was kind to the spider; but alas, for the too trustful fly! Presently, she sought the center of her web and put herself in position for the night. . . .

II

Very early in the morning, Madame Arachne began to bestir herself. High in a corner chamber of her house she wove a silken cocoon, white and satin-smooth, a shining cradle, snug and warm; and in it she laid several hundred tiny round eggs of dusky pink, and left them there to hatch when they should be ready. Then she went down to her seat in the middle of her web, and watched and hoped for flies.

She saw white sails on the sea, she saw white gulls in the air, she saw white foam on the rocks, as she sat in the sun. Days came, nights passed, winds blew, rains fell, mists crept in and out, and still she watched for flies, with more or less success. At last a baby spider

crawled out to the air, and then another and another, till nearly all the eggs were hatched.

"Good morning, my dears," said Madame Arachne; "I hope I see you well!"

They were very small. They stretched their tiny legs, cramped from long confinement; they crept hither and thither, and wondered at the big world — of one windowpane!

III

Every day, from the inside of the lighthouse, three pairs of childish eyes watched this interesting spider family. As the tiny ones grew larger, they began to build for themselves little webs in each corner of every pane; and each small spider put itself in the middle of its web, head downward, like the mother.

"Did you ever see anything so comical?" said one child to another. "They all behave just like their mother. How quickly they learn to live after they creep out the tiny eggs, which are so small that we can hardly see them! I wonder if all insects know so much."

"Insects!" said the older child. "A spider isn't an insect at all. Don't you remember how papa told us once that all spiders belong to the scorpion family."

"Oh, a scorpion must be a horrid thing — I mean a *real* scorpion," cried the younger. "I'm glad they

The Lighthouse Window.

don't live in this country. I like the spiders; they spin such pretty webs, and it's such fun to watch them. They won't hurt you if you don't trouble them; will they, sister?"

"Of course they won't," said the little girl's reassuring voice.

Madame Arachne heard them. "They are good enough creatures," she said to herself. "They can't spin webs, to be sure, poor things! But then these three, at least, don't destroy them as that hateful nuthatch did. They seem quite harmless and friendly, and I have no objection to them."

So the little spiders grew and grew, and spun many a filmy web about the old white lighthouse for many happy days. Then, in the autumn, a flock of merry birds came. They filled the air with sweet calls and pretty twitterings. Alas, for every creeping thing! Snip, snap! went all the sharp and shining beaks, — and where were the spiders then? It was one grand massacre, — and yet, again, Madame Arachne saved herself under the friendly shingles. Some days afterward, the children saw her crawling about her desolate estate in the lighthouse window.

Soon, however, Jack Frost, Esq., came capering over the dancing brine, and nipping every green thing on the little island. He gave our poor friend so many pinches

that she could only creep into the snuggest corner and roll herself up to wait till the blustering fellow should take his departure.

"She's quite gone," said one of the children, as they looked for her one crackling cold day.

"Never mind," said the eldest. "Spring will wake her up and call her out again."

And so it did.

EXPRESSION: What is the subject of this story? In what place is it located?

Is Madame Arachne a good name for the mother spider? Why? If you have access to a good library, read the story of "The Wonderful Weaver" in the little book entitled *Old Greek Stories*, by James Baldwin.

What is a nuthatch? Can you imitate its cry?

Repeat with the proper tones and expression:

(1) "*Ugh!—the ugly old monster!*"

(2) *Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced upon him.*

(3) "*Good morning, my dears! I hope I see you well.*"

(4) "*Did you ever see anything so comical?*"

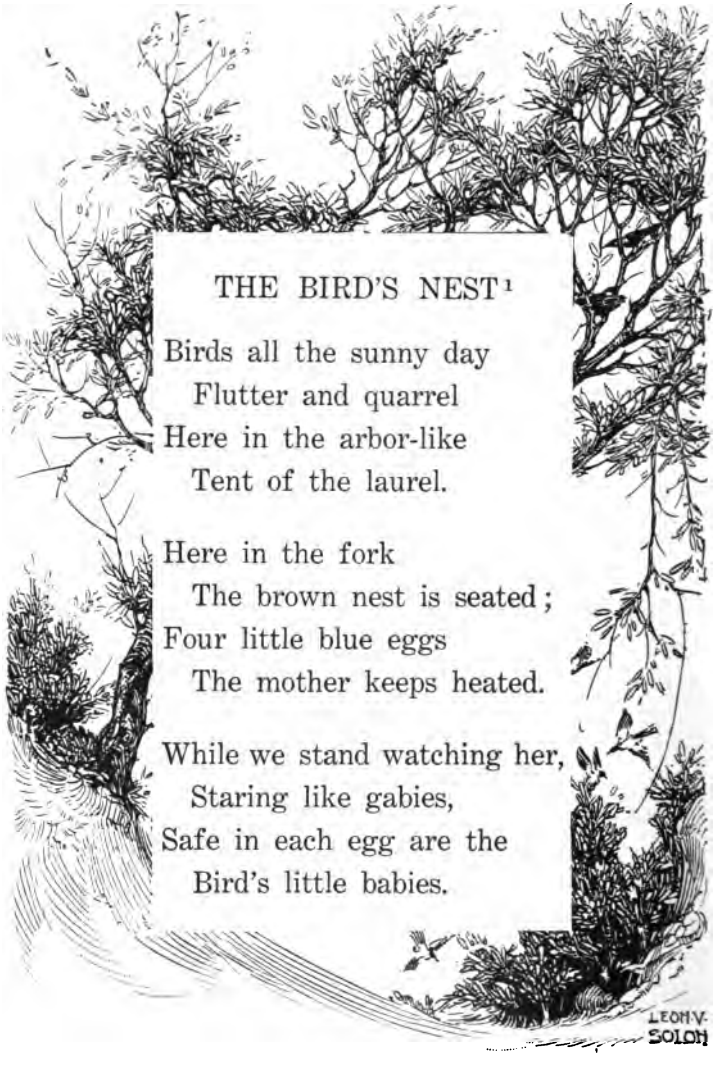
(5) "*Insects! A spider isn't an insect at all.*"

Select other expressions and practice reading them.

Repeat the following expressions, using gestures to show their meaning: *to and fro; down, down, down; in and out; hither and thither.*

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Arachne* (*a răk'nē*); *nec'es sa ry; ex trav'a gant; ho rī'zon; star'tled; for'ci bly; probed; vĕs'tĭge; prĕd'e ces sor; scor'pĭ on; măs'sa cre.*

Presto = quickly. *Esq.* = esquire.


THE BIRD'S NEST[1]
Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.
Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.
While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.
LEON V. SOLON

[1] By Robert Louis Stevenson.

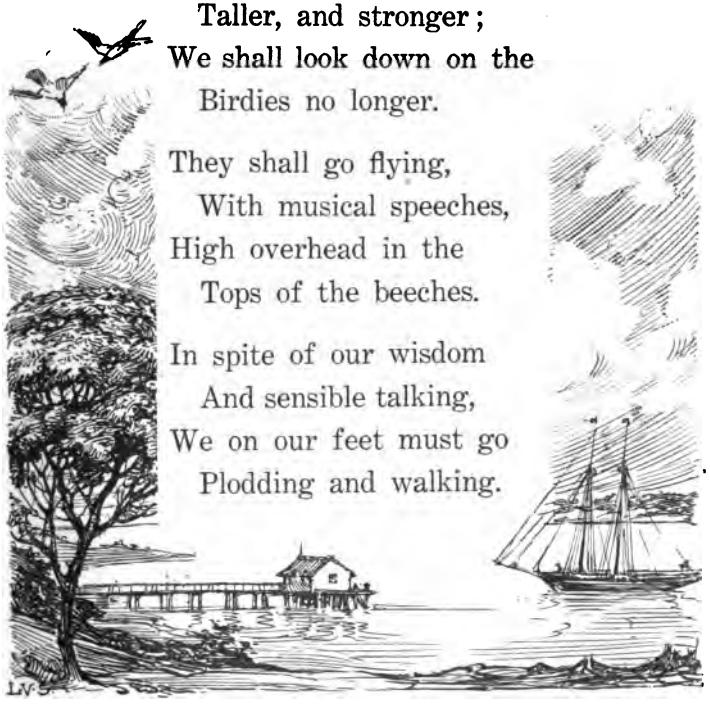
Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and, upspringing,
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children! and frailer;
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller, and stronger;
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
With musical speeches,
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.



THE SPORTSMAN

A Little Play

Persons in the Play

George, *who is visiting at the farm.*
James, *a farmer's boy, George's cousin.*
Elsie, *James's little sister.*

Scene. — *A Garden*

Enter George, *with a shotgun in his hand*

George. Not very good sport to-day. I've tramped all through the woods and over the hills and got nothing but one miserable quail. [*Takes the bird from his game bag and examines it.*] It's hardly enough to make a cup of soup; and I'm all tired out.

Enter James.

James. Hello, George! Back again? What luck?

George. Only this and nothing more — one puny quail. I wonder where all the birds have gone.

James. Let me see. You have now spent a week at this gunning business, and you've killed three quails, two rabbits, and a crow.

George. Four quails. You didn't count this one.

James. Well, four quails, then. Six days of tramping — torn clothes, wet feet, tired limbs — and all for what?

George. Why, for sport, of course!

James. Sport, indeed! How much enjoyment have you had?

George. Well, I might have had more if I had had better luck. But somebody has killed all the game, and there's hardly a bird to be found in the woods.

James. And you are trying to finish the job by killing every little creature that somebody has failed to find. If you had your own way, you would make the woods and fields as lonely and silent as the desert.

George. Oh, no! I don't wish to do that. I only wish to have a day's sport now and then.

James. *Sport,* indeed! Well, if you find so much sport in killing a few innocent creatures, why don't you go into the barnyard and shoot the chickens and ducks? You would have better luck and fewer torn clothes.

George. Oh, don't talk nonsense! You know that it's the excitement that makes sport. There would be no fun in shooting things that don't try to get away from you. And what else were the wild birds and wild animals made for if not to be shot?

James. That seems to be the idea of many people. They would kill all the singing birds and all the timid animals in the woods, merely for the sake of killing — which they call *sport.*

George. Well, what harm is there in it! One must have amusement in some way.

James. Amusement! Your amusement has already destroyed or driven away all the game in the country. In a few years all the larks and robins will have perished through the desire of sportsmen to be amused by seeing something killed. And then what will become of our orchards and fields? The millions and millions of insects which these birds destroy will kill our fruit trees, eat up our growing grain, and make a desert of all this green and fertile country. That is where your sport will finally lead.

George. Nonsense!

Enter ELSIE

Elsie. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's gone! It's eaten up! Oh, dear! [*Weeping.*]

George. What's the matter, Elsie? What's eaten up?

Elsie. Oh, my bird! My dear little canary! The cat has it; she ran into the bushes with it, and I'll never see poor Dicky again.

George. The cat! Well, I'll shoot that cat!

James. Why will you shoot her?

George. Why? For killing Elsie's canary, of course.

James. For killing *one* little bird? Then what

ought to be done with you who have killed so many birds, every one as beautiful as the canary?

George. Oh! that's different. I'm not a cat.

James. That's true. You kill birds for amusement; the cat kills them for food. Which is the

more cruel of the two? In other words, which is the brute?

George. Now don't get too personal, young fellow. I won't take an insult.

James. I'm only calling things by their right names. [*Picks up the dead quail which* GEORGE *has thrown down.*] Here, Elsie, see what our sportsman has spent a whole day to accomplish. What should be done with him?

Elsie. Oh, George! Did you kill this poor bird? He used to sit on the fence by the meadow and call "Bob White! Bob White!" I've heard him many a morning.

George. Oh, well! It's only a wild bird, Elsie. There are plenty of others.

Elsie. No, there are not; and you are trying to kill all of them. You are just as bad as the cat — yes, worse! [*Exit carrying the dead quail.*]

George. Well, I think this a great fuss over a worthless bird.

James. Fuss? And how about the cat? Your only excuse is amusement, and hers is hunger. And yet you wish to punish her — to kill her.

George. Indeed, she deserves it.

James. For doing just what you have done so many times?

George. Well, I guess — I guess —

James. What do you guess?

George. I guess you are about right. I think I'll put my gun away and never again shoot any little creature, bird or beast, merely for sport.

James. Good for you, cousin! Let's shake hands on that. And I know Elsie will be as glad as I am that you are no longer a sportsman.

THE CHILD AND THE PET DOVE[1]

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving.
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving;—

Sweet little red feet, why should you die?
Why should you leave me, sweet bird, why!

You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft, and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly as in the green trees?

[1] By John Keats, an English poet (1795–1821).

THE BLUE JAY[1]

TO BE MEMORIZED

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such burst of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets in your vest?
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in àzure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think, —
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,

[1] By Susan H. Swett.

Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

A REVIEW: Of the four lessons relating to birds, which one do you like best? Why?

I. How does the first, "The Bird's Nest," differ from all the rest? Read it again carefully, and try to understand the full meaning of each stanza. Talk with your teacher about the author, Robert Louis Stevenson.

WORDS: *laurel*, an evergreen shrub; *gabies*, simpletons.

II. Who are the actors in "The Sportsman"? Choose parts and act the play, reading each paragraph in natural tones as though you were talking.

III. How does the third lesson, "The Child and the Pet Dove," differ from the other three? Try to imagine yourself to be the Child, and then read the poem as you think she would have spoken it. Talk with your teacher about the poet, John Keats.

IV. Memorize the poem, "The Blue Jay." Learn to speak it in clear, correct, and natural tones. Have you ever seen a blue jay? Tell all that you know about the bird. Read the last two stanzas again, and tell what they mean.

ELIZABETH ELIZA'S PIANO[1]

Some one had given Elizabeth Eliza a piano, and she was to take lessons from the postmaster's daughter.

When the piano came, the family thought it would be a good plan to set it across the window in the parlor. So the carters carried it in and left it there.

When they had gone, Elizabeth Eliza and her mother came in to look at the piano. Her brothers, Agamemnon and Solomon John, also came in. But they found that the carters had placed it with its back towards the middle of the room, while the keys were close up against the window.

How could Elizabeth Eliza ever open it? How could she reach the keys to play upon it?

Solomon John said that the best way would be to open the window. Then Elizabeth Eliza could go out upon the porch and open the piano. She could have the music stool on the porch; and it would be easy for her to sit there and play upon the piano.

So they tried this. All thought it was a very pretty sight to see Elizabeth Eliza sitting there and playing sweet music, with the honeysuckle vines behind her.

[1] From "The Peterkin Papers," by Lucretia P. Hale.

It was very pleasant, too, on warm, moonlight evenings. Her father liked to take a nap on the sofa in the parlor; but the rest of the family liked to sit on the porch.

Elizabeth Eliza was also much pleased, only she had to sit with her back towards the moon.

All this was very well through the summer. But when the evenings began to get cold, Elizabeth Eliza's father thought that the air which came through

the open window was too chilly. The rest of the family said that they could hear the piano very well while sitting in the house, and therefore they did not care to sit on the porch.

So Elizabeth Eliza practiced in the mornings with her cloak on. She was obliged to give up her music in the evenings, because everybody shivered so.

One day she happened to be talking with a lady from Philadelphia who was visiting at a neighbor's. She told her of the trouble with the piano, and said she wondered how she could get along when cold winter came.

The lady from Philadelphia looked surprised. Then she said, "Why don't you turn the piano round?"

Solomon John spoke up in a smart way and said, "It's a square piano."

But Elizabeth Eliza was more pleased than I can tell. She called Agamemnon, and with the help of both boys the piano was turned round with its back to the window.

"Why didn't we think of that before?" said they all.

"What shall we do when the lady from Philadelphia goes home?" said Elizabeth Eliza's mother.

JERRY, THE MILLER[1]

Beneath the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

[1] By John G. Saxe, an American poet (1816–1887).

"Little Jerry!" — 'twas all the same —
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye";
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack
That Jerry made up in being strong:
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest —

"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be tolled."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the sad news came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then it was whispered mournfully
The doctor had come and Jerry was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthly bed —
His miller's coat his only shroud —
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

EXPRESSION: Describe Little Jerry. Describe the mill. Repeat what the people said to Jerry. Repeat what they said of him. Read the lines which tell what they thought of him.

What was his "standing jest"? What did he mean by saying "*you'll be tolled*"?

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

I. THOMAS B. MACAULAY (*aged twelve*) TO HIS FATHER

[Do you remember the boy, Thomas Babington Macaulay, who loved books and had so wonderful a memory? If not, take your Fourth Reader again and read the brief account that is given of him on page 192. Read also the letter which he wrote to his niece after he had become a grown-up man and was famous.

Thomas B. Macaulay

When he was twelve, or about your age, he was sent to a boys' boarding school at Shelford, England. There he studied Greek and Latin and English composition and other things that you would think very hard. He wrote home often, and in the following letter to his father he gives an interesting account of his daily studies and of his life at school.]

SHELFORD: February 22, 1813.

MY DEAR PAPA:—

As this is a whole holiday I cannot find a better time for answering your letter. With respect to my health, I am very well, and tolerably cheerful, as Blundell, the best and most clever of all the scholars,

is very kind, and talks to me and takes my part. He is quite a friend of Mr. Preston's.

The other boys, especially Lyon, a Scotch boy, and Wilberforce, are very good-natured, and we might have gone on very well had not one ——, a Bristol fellow, come here. He is unanimously allowed to be a queer fellow, and is generally characterized as a foolish boy, and by most of us as an ill-natured one.

In my learning I do Xenophon every day, and twice a week the Odyssey, in which I am classed with Wilberforce, whom all the boys allow to be very clever, very droll, and very impudent.

We do Latin verses twice a week, and I have not yet been laughed at, as Wilberforce is the only one who hears them, being in my class. We are exercised also once a week in English composition, and once in Latin composition and letters of persons renowned in history to each other.

We get by heart Greek grammar or Virgil every evening. As for sermon writing, I have hitherto got off with credit, and I hope I shall keep up my reputation. . . .

The kindness which Mr. Preston shows me is very great. He always assists me in what I cannot do, and takes me to walk out with him every now and then.

My room is a delightful little chamber, which

nobody can enter, as there is a trick about opening the door.

I sit like a king, with my writing-desk before me; for (would you believe it?) there is a writing-desk in my chest of drawers; my books on one side, my box of papers on the other, with my arm-chair and my candle; for every boy has a candlestick, snuffers, and an extinguisher, of his own.

Being pressed for room, I will conclude what I have to say to-morrow, and ever remain

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

EXPLANATORY NOTES: *Brĭs'tol,* a city in the southwestern part of England.

Xenophon (*zĕn'o fon*), a Greek historian and general who lived about twenty-five hundred years ago. The reference here is to Xenophon's book entitled "Anabasis," which is generally read by students of Greek.

Odyssey (*od'ĭ sĭ*), a famous Greek poem by Homer, relating the adventures of Odysseus, or Ulysses, when returning home from the siege of Troy. This poem also is read in the original by students of Greek at college.

Virgil (*vĕr'jil*), a celebrated Latin poet who lived nearly two thousand years ago. His greatest work is the "Æneid," a poem which is read by students of Latin.

Lăt'in, the language spoken and written by the ancient Romans.

The portrait at the head of the letter is of Macaulay in his later years, after he had become a famous man.

II. JAMES R. LOWELL (*aged nine*) TO HIS BROTHER

[In the year 1828, a bright American boy whose name was James Russell Lowell was living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was then nine years old and the youngest of five children. He was by no means so remarkable a lad as Macaulay is said to have been at the same age, but he had already begun to prepare for college under a famous teacher whose name was William Wells. His brother Robert, aged twelve, was attending school at Northampton, Massachusetts, and one day James wrote to him the interesting letter which follows. It is just the kind of letter which any bright boy might write to another.]

James Russell Lowell

November 2, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER: —

I am now going to tell you melancholy news. I have got the ague together with a gumboil. I presume you know that September has got a lame leg, but he grows better every day and now is very well, but limps a little.

We have a new scholar from Round Hill. His name is Hooper, and we expect another named Penn who, I believe, also comes from there. The boys are

all very well except Nemaise, who has got another piece of glass in his leg and is waiting for the doctor to take it out; and Samuel Storrow is also sick.

I am going to have a new suit of blue broadcloth to wear every day and to play in. Mother tells me that I may have any sort of buttons I choose. I have not done anything to the hut, but if you wish I will.

I am now very happy; but I should be more so if you were here. I hope you will answer my letter. If you do not I shall write you no more letters. When you write my letters you must direct them all to me, and not write half to mother as you generally do. Mother has given me the three volumes of the "Tales of a Grandfather."

Farewell,

Yours truly,

JAMES R. LOWELL.

EXPLANATORY NOTES: *Sep tem'ber*, probably the name of a pet horse or pony.

The "Tales of a Grandfather," alluded to in the last line, is the title of a collection of Scottish historical stories written by Sir Walter Scott and first published only the year before the writing of this letter.

In later years, James Russell Lowell became famous as a poet and prose writer and also as a scholar and statesman. Among his best-known poems are the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The First Snowfall"; also "The Singing Leaves" which you may find on page 225 of this book.

III. Victor Hugo to his Little Son

[There once lived in France a poet whose name was Victor Hugo. In his earlier years he wrote beautiful poems and wonderful plays which won for him a place of honor among the greatest of French writers. Later in life he devoted himself mainly to fiction and produced among other works the famous romance entitled "Les Miserables." In the year 1840 he visited the city of Mayence, Germany, and while there wrote the following charming letter to his little son, nicknamed Toto, who was at home in Paris with his mother. This letter was of course written in French; but it has been translated into English so that you may read it.]

Victor Hugo

Mayence, 1st October, 1840.

Dear Toto: —

Here, my dear little Toto, is a sketch I have done for you. I am sending it directly after having read your nice dear little letter. A month hence, my darling, you will see your father again, and that will be as happy a day for him as for you.

When this letter reaches you, your holidays will be nearly at an end. You and my Charlie will both be returning to school, and, I trust, with renewed courage

and fresh strength. All my hopes and all my happiness are centered in you, my dear ones.

Your dear mother tells me she is satisfied with all of you. Make her as happy as she deserves, she who loves you so much, and who, like me, thinks only of you and your happiness in this world.

The child is father to the man; never forget this, my little Toto. Be an industrious scholar, and I answer for it that you will one day be what is called a man, *vir.*

All the details you have given me of your games and work have greatly interested me. When you have received this letter, write me a few lines, and tell me a great deal more about yourself, your brother, and your sisters, and everything at home. This enables me to share in your pleasures, your amusements, your daily life; and I imagine that I am among you all, my darling children.

I am delighted to hear that all the animals belonging to my little shepherdess Dédé are quite well, and that you have finished your house of leaves and branches. Tell Dédé that she must write me rather a longer letter than the first.

As for me, my Toto, you will see, if you read my letters to your mother, that I am working, and that *even in my holidays* I try not to waste my time.

I see beautiful countries, I study very novel and very curious things, but they are not worth your kisses and caresses, nor a couple of hours spent with you all at home.

So, my dear little Toto, go back to school bravely, work well, write to me, please your mother and your teachers, and remember I am hardly a moment without thinking of you. Nothing of what I see diverts my mind from you, my children. All that I am and all that I do in this world is for you.

I love you, I love you dearly, my little Toto.

VICTOR HUGO.

REVIEW: Of the three letters, which do you like best? Why? You will observe that all of them refer to boys at school. Find a passage which relates to a schoolboy's pleasures. Find one which relates to a schoolboy's duties. Read these passages.

Observe and study the big words which the boy Macaulay uses when writing to his father: *unanimously, characterized, impudent, renowned, reputation, extinguisher.*

Can you write as good a letter as that of James R. Lowell's? Try it.

After you have written your letter bring it to the class and read it aloud as a part of our next reading lesson. Read so that those who hear will understand and enjoy what you have written.

Talk with your teacher about the three famous men who wrote these letters. When did each live? To what country did he belong? What books did he write?

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS[1]

It was the schooner *Hesperus,*
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

[1] By Henry W. Longfellow.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the glis'ning snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, —
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

EXPRESSION: Read the poem silently, so as to understand the full meaning of each statement. Then read it aloud, stanza by stanza, in such manner as to interest and please all who listen to you.

WHO IS THE HAPPIEST MAN?[1]

Many hundreds of years ago there lived in Asia a king whose name was Crœsus. The country over which he ruled was not very large, but its people were prosperous and famed for their wealth. Crœsus himself was said to be the richest man in the world; and to this day it is customary to say of a very wealthy man that he is "as rich as Crœsus."

King Crœsus had everything that could make him happy — lands and houses and slaves, fine clothes to wear, and beautiful things to look at. He could not think of anything that he needed to make him more comfortable or contented. "I am the happiest man in the world," he said.

It happened one summer that a great man from across the sea was traveling in Asia. The name of this man was Solon, and he was the lawmaker of Athens, in Greece. He was noted for his great wisdom; and centuries after his death the highest praise that could be given to any learned man was to say, "He is as wise as Solon."

Solon had heard of Crœsus and his wealth, and one day he paid him a visit in his beautiful palace. Crœsus was now happier and prouder than ever be-

[1] Retold from Herodotus, a Greek historian who lived more than two thousand years ago.

fore, for the wisest man in the world was his guest. He led Solon through his palace and showed him the

grand rooms, the fine carpets, the rich furniture, the pictures, the books. Then he invited him out to see his gardens and his orchards and his stables; and he showed him thousands of rare and beauti-

ful things that he had collected from all parts of the world.

In the evening as the wisest of men was dining with the richest of men, the king said to his guest, "Tell me, O Solon, who do you think is the happiest of all men?" He expected that Solon would answer, "King Crœsus."

The wise man was silent for a minute; then he said, "I have in mind a poor man who once lived in Athens. His name was Tellus, and I doubt if ever there was a happier man than he."

This was not the answer that Crœsus wished. He hid his disappointment, however, and asked: "Why do you think so? What did Tellus have to make him happy?"

"He was an honest man," answered Solon, "and he labored hard for many years to bring up his children and give them a good education. When they were grown up and able to care for themselves, he joined the Athenian army and gave his life bravely in the defense of his country. Can you think of any one who is more deserving of happiness?"

"Perhaps not," answered Crœsus, half choking with vexation; "but who do you think ought to rank next to Tellus in happiness?" He was sure that Solon would this time say, "Crœsus."

"I have in mind two young men whom I knew in

Greece," answered the wise man. "Their father died when they were only children, and they were very poor. But they worked hard to keep the house together and to support their mother. Year after year they toiled, never suffering anything to interfere with their mother's comfort. When, at length, she died, they gave all their love to Athens, their native city, and nobly served her as long as they lived."

Then Crœsus was angry. "Why is it that you place these poor working people above the richest of kings?" he asked. "Why do you make me of no account and think nothing of my wealth and power?"

"O king," said Solon, "no man can say whether you are happy or not until you die. For no one knows what misfortunes may befall you, or what misery may be yours in days to come."

II

Many years after this, when Crœsus was much older and richer, there arose in Asia a powerful king whose name was Cyrus. At the head of a great army he marched through one country after another, overthrowing many a rich and ancient kingdom. Crœsus with all his wealth could not withstand this mighty warrior. His city was taken, his palace was burned, his orchards and gardens were destroyed, his treas-

ures were carried away, and he himself was made prisoner.

"This stubborn fellow, Crœsus, has caused us much trouble by his resistance," said King Cyrus. "Take him and make an example of him for other little rulers who would dare to stand in our way."

The soldiers, thereupon, carried Crœsus to the market place, handling him pretty roughly all the while. There they built up a great pile of dry sticks and broken furniture from the ruins of his once beautiful palace; and on the top of it they tied the unhappy king.

"Now we shall have a merry blaze," said the savage fellows; and one of them ran for a torch.

Poor Crœsus lay bleeding and bruised upon the pyre, without a friend to soothe his misery. Then he thought of the words which wise Solon had spoken long before, "No man can say whether you are happy or not until you die." The memory of these words only added to his despair, and he moaned aloud, "O Solon! O Solon! Solon!"

It so happened that Cyrus was riding by at that very moment and heard his moans. "What does he say?" he asked the soldiers.

"He says nothing but 'Solon! Solon! Solon! O Solon!'" they answered.

Then the king came up nearer to the pyre, and said to Crœsus, "What do you mean by calling 'Solon! Solon! Solon!' in that way?"

Crœsus was silent at first; but after Cyrus had repeated his question kindly, he told all about Solon's visit at the palace and what he had said.

Cyrus listened, and was much moved by the story. He thought of the words, "No man knows what misfortunes may befall you, or what misery may be yours in days to come"; and he wondered if he, too, might not some time lose all his power and be helpless in the hands of his enemies.

"Is it not true," he asked himself, "that men ought to be merciful and kind to those who are in distress? I will do to Crœsus even as I would have others do to me."

So he caused poor Crœsus to be set free; and ever afterwards he treated him as an honored and trusted friend.

EXPRESSION: Choose parts and read the conversation between Crœsus and Solon. Read what Crœsus, moaning, said when on the pyre. Read what Cyrus said. What answer was given him? Now read the whole story, trying to give to each passage its correct meaning.

Crœ'sus (krē'sus), king of Lydia, in Asia.

Sō'lon, a lawmaker and ruler of Athens, in Greece.

Ath'ens, Ath ē'ni an, Tel'lus, Cy̆'rus.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

I. Playing the Minstrel

A child and a poet were sitting side by side in the waning twilight of a summer evening.

"Tell me a story," said the child, slipping his hand softly into that of his companion. "Tell me an old-fashioned story of a knight and a lady; and please tell it to me in a rime — sing it to me."

"You mean, then, that I shall play the minstrel, I suppose," said the poet.

"What is a minstrel?" asked the child.

"Hundreds of years ago," answered the poet, "there were no printed books as there are now. Few people, even among the best, could read; and yet all the children and most of the grown-up folks liked stories just as they do now. Instead of books, therefore, there were men whose business it was to go from place to place to tell the news of the world, and amuse their listeners by relating strange tales of heroism and adventure. These men were called minstrels, or skalds, and their stories were commonly in rime and were sung instead of being merely spoken. People liked this; for music always pleases the ear, and songs are easily remembered."

"I like song stories, too," said the child, "and that

is why I asked you to tell me one in rime, and to sing it to me."

"Most of the story poems which the minstrels sang were called ballads," continued the poet. "These were simple little verses, so easy that everybody could understand them; and many of the listeners learned them by heart and sang them to others, so that, although they were not written down, they were never forgotten. But at length, when books became common and everybody could read, the minstrel's trade came to an end; for people no longer depended upon him to tell stories and carry the news. Then, lest those old ballads should be lost to memory, some of the best of them were put into books, where any one who wishes may learn them. They are not sung nowadays, but they make pleasant reading, and they are interesting as showing how people lived and thought in those ruder and simpler times when there were real knights and real castles."

"I know, I know," said the child, impatiently. "I have heard some of them, and they are delightful. Why don't you poets make up interesting poems now, like those old ballads? Most of your poetry is so dull I cannot read it."

"You are complimentary, my dear. But we do write ballads now and then. All the best poems for

children are in the ballad form. Do you remember 'The Fairies of the Caldon Low,' and 'The Children's Hour,' and the 'Wreck of the Hesperus'? Surely they are interesting."

"Yes, I have read them over and over, and I like them all," answered the child. "But to-night I want another kind of story. Please be my minstrel, and sing to me an old-fashioned ballad of knights and ladies and brave deeds."

"You shall have your wish," said the poet. "I will play that I am your minstrel; but the ballad I sing, although old-fashioned, is a new one, written by one whose poetry you say is dull."

Then, in a full, rich voice, he recited James Russell Lowell's beautiful ballad of "The Singing Leaves." The child listened with eagerness and joy, much as the children must have listened in those older days when there were real knights and real minstrels to sing to them.

"What were the singing leaves?" he asked when the story was ended.

"That is a riddle," answered the poet. "Perhaps Mr. Lowell meant that they should typify wisdom, perhaps a heart merry with music, perhaps merely the love letters of Walter the page. It does not matter, nor is it best to look into such questions too

closely. The ballad will be all the more beautiful if we do not try to remove the mystery from it."

"I like the story," said the child, "because it is about somebody choosing something, and the one who makes the wisest choice is given the greatest reward. It is just so with many of the fairy tales I have read."

"Yes," answered the poet, "and as you grow up and read many books, you will be surprised at the number of really great stories that are based upon this question of choosing."

Then he added, as though forgetful of the child's presence, "And does not the history of every man, and even the history of nations, hinge upon the same question? Some choose pearls and some choose golden combs, but those who choose beauty and truth inherit the 'broad earldoms three' of love, hope, and peace."

Now you may read the ballad for yourselves.

II. The Singing Leaves

I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flash of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
  Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
  But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
  And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
  I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
  And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
  A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
  Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
  Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot page
  That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
  If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
  By the stirrup as he ran:

"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart,
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

" Welcome, father ! " she laughed and cried.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
  And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
  Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
  Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
  Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
  That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
  Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
  And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
  And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
  At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
  With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
  "I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
  "And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

EXPRESSION: Before reading the ballad aloud, read it silently and with much care, so as to understand the full meaning of each stanza.

Observe the following unusual words and their meanings:

fairings, presents from the fair.

boun, destined, going.

blithesome, cheery, beautiful.

aspen, a poplar tree the leaves of which are swayed by the slightest movement of the air.

hose and shoon, stockings and shoes.

truesome, truthful.

plight, pledge, promise.

quoth, said, answered.

heritage, that which comes to one by inheritance.

fee, estate, or lands held under a feudal lord on condition of rendering certain services to him or to the king.

but and = and also.

Read aloud each part of the poem, being careful to make every expression clearly understood by those who listen to you.

Which of the three daughters do you think was wisest? Read that passage in the poem which makes you think so.

Explain the meaning of each of these lines:

(1) *A music of seas far away.*

(2) *"And woe, but they cost me dear!"*

EYES AND NO EYES[1]

A PLAY

Persons in the Play

MR. ANDREWS, *the teacher.*
ROBERT, *a pupil at* MR. ANDREWS'S *school.*
WILLIAM, *another pupil.*

SCENE. — *In a boys' boarding school.* MR. ANDREWS *seated at his desk.*

Enter ROBERT

Mr. Andrews. Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?

Robert. I have been to Brown Heath, sir, and so around by the windmill on Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the riverside.

Mr. A. Well, that was certainly a pleasant walk.

Robert. I thought it very dull, sir. I scarcely met a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Yes, I suppose that if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

[1] Adapted from "Evenings at Home"

Robert. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, and so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

Robert. Oh, but he is so tedious! He is always stopping to look at this thing and that. I'd rather walk alone. I dare say he has not come home yet.

Mr. A. Yes, here he comes. [*Enter* WILLIAM.] Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, sir, I've had the pleasantest walk! I went all over Brown Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the meadows by the riverside.

Mr. A. Why, that's just the round that Robert has been taking. He complains of its dullness and prefers the high road.

William. I wonder at that. I'm sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me; and brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose you give some account of what amused you so much. No doubt it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; but I made the best of my way through it, and didn't mind it much. I noticed a very curious thing in the hedge. It was

an old crab-apple tree out of which grew a bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe. It is famous for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites.

William. A little farther on I saw a woodpecker clinging to the trunk of a tree and running up it like a cat.

Mr. A. He was looking for insects in the bark.

William. Then, as I passed near a marsh, I saw a flock of lapwings which amused me very much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying, "pe-wit! pe-wit!" I tried to catch one of them, for it flew as if one of its wings was broken, and often tumbled to the ground; but just as I thought I had it, away it fluttered, just beyond the reach of my hand.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! You were finely taken in that time! It was all a trick of the bird's to lead you away from its nest. They build on the bare ground, and their nests would often be disturbed, did they not draw off the attention of their enemies by their loud cries and by counterfeiting lameness.

William. I wish I had known that, for it led me a pretty chase, and I had to wade over shoe top in

water. But I soon left it and went up to the windmill on the hill. There I had a beautiful view of all

the country round. I went on, over the hill and down to the brook that runs into the river. As I was walking along I saw a strange kind of bird hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it. It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue with some orange color. It was about the size of a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. That was a kingfisher, the celebrated

halcyon about which the ancient Greeks told so many beautiful stories. It lives on fish which it catches in the lakes and streams. It builds its nest in a kind of tunnel which it digs in some steep bank. It is very shy, and is seldom seen far from the water.

William. A little farther on, I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flapping wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly down to the bank to watch him. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing there and looking intently into the stream. All at once, he darted his long bill into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same way. He then flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he alighted.

Mr. A. Perhaps his nest was there. Herons build in the loftiest trees they can find; and sometimes several flock to the same place.

William. Well, I then turned homeward and crossed the cornfields on the way to our house. I got to the high field next to the house, just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost behind the hills. Oh, it was a grand sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and

yellow of all shades and hues; and the sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. And how large the sun appeared! It seemed twice as big as when it was overhead.

Mr. A. Well, well! What a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has given you! I don't wonder that you found it amusing; and it was instructive, too. Didn't you see any of these wonderful sights, Robert?

Robert. I saw some of them; but I didn't take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

Robert. Oh, I don't know. I didn't care about them, and so I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you were only walking for amusement, it would have been wiser to care about such things. But so it is; one person goes through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut.

I have known sailors who had been in all parts of the world, and still they could tell you of nothing they had seen. On the other hand, a man like Franklin could not make the shortest voyage without seeing something of interest and value. Many a vacant, thoughtless traveler is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for; but the observing eye and inquiring mind may always find matter of delight and improvement in every ramble in town or country.

Do you, then, William, continue to use your eyes. And, Robert, try to learn that eyes were given you to use.

EXPRESSION: Who are the actors in this little play? What is your opinion of each?

Choose parts and read the play just as if you were acting it.

THE KETTLE AND THE CRICKET[1]

The kettle began it.

Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said. I know better. The kettle began it, full five minutes by the

Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket gave a chirp.

It seemed as if there was a kind of match between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it and how it came about.

The kettle was set upon having its own way. It

[1] By Charles Dickens, a famous English writer (1812–1870).

wouldn't allow itself to be placed upon the top bar. It wouldn't hear of resting upon the knobs of coal.

It would lean forward with a drunken air and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome and hissed and spluttered at the fire.

To sum all up, the lid turned topsy-turvy. It dived in sideways, down to the very bottom.

The hull of the *Royal George* never made half the effort against coming out of the water that the lid of the kettle did before Mrs. Perrybingle got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough even then. It looked at Mrs. Perrybingle as if to say: "I won't let the water boil. Nothing shall make me."

But Mrs. Perrybingle dusted her chubby little hands against each other. She sat down before the kettle, laughing.

Meanwhile, the jolly blaze rose up and fell, flashing and gleaming. Now it was that the kettle began to spend the evening.

It threw off all crossness, and burst into a stream of song. It was a song so cozy and jolly that never nightingale yet had the least idea of it. So plain, too! Bless you, you might have known it like a book.

"It's a dark night," sang the kettle. "The fallen leaves are lying by the way. Above all is mist and darkness. Below all is mire and clay. There's hoar frost on the finger post. There's thaw upon the track. The ice isn't water and the water isn't free. And you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be. But he's coming, coming, coming—"

"And is here if you like," the cricket chimed in. It gave a *chirrup, chirrup, chirrup* of great size. If it had burst like an overcharged gun and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would only have seemed natural.

The kettle had had the last of its solos. It kept on with the same ardor. But the cricket took first fiddle and kept it.

How it chirped! Its sharp, shrill voice sounded through the house. It seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star.

Yet they went on very well together, the cricket and the kettle. It was like a race.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle making play like a great top.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket around the corner, fresher than ever.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle slow and steady.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m. Kettle not to be finished.

At last they got jumbled together in the hurry-skurry of the race. Whether the kettle chirped or the cricket hummed, or both chirped and hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have told.

But of this there is no doubt. The kettle and the cricket sent each his fireside song of comfort into a ray of the candle. This shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane.

And this light, bursting on a certain person who came near it through the gloom, told the whole thing to him. It cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

EXPRESSION: Talk with your teacher about the punctuation marks in this selection. Tell how they help you in getting thought from the printed page.

Notice the various kinds of sentences. Select as many as you can of each kind, as:—

(1) A statement: *The kettle began it.*
(2) A command: *Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said.*
(3) A question: *Who began it?*
(4) An exclamation: *Welcome home, old fellow!*

SELECTIONS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other required selections to be memorized, see "The Ship of State," page 122; "The Wind and the Moon," page 161; and "The Blue Jay," page 196.]

I. HOME, SWEET HOME[1]

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;—
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

From love so sweet, oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.[2]

[1] By John Howard Payne.

[2] By Miss Mulock.

II. To-day[1]

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born,
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid!

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own.[2]

[1] By Thomas Carlyle.

[2] By John Dryden.

III. The Tree[1]

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

[1] By Björnstjerne Björnson.

IV. Robert of Lincoln[1]

Merrily swinging on brier and weed
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
      Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
  Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
  Hear him call in his merry note:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
      Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

[1] By William Cullen Bryant.

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, you cowards, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs himself well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes, the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes —
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

V. Song of the Brook[1]

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

[1] By Alfred Tennyson.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;

I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

EXPRESSION: Read each of these poems aloud in such manner as to show that you understand it fully. Memorize it, and speak it so well that those who hear you will be pleased.

Which of the five poems do you like best? Try to give good reasons for your preference. Talk with your teacher about the authors of the poems.

WORD STUDY

I. *Marks and Sounds*

In the dictionary the pronunciation of a letter, a syllable, or a word is shown by the use of marks. These marks are called diacritical marks.

The most common diacritical marks are as shown below: —

(a) āpe, senāte, dâre, ăt, ärm, ásk, a̤ll.
(e) ēve, ĕvent, ĕgg, hĕr.
(i) īce, ĭt, bīrd, machīne.
(o) ōld, ŏbey, fôrm, ŏn, do̤, sôn, wo̤lf.
(u) ūse, ŭnite, ru̇le, ûrn, ŭp.
(oo) fo͞od, bo͞ok.
(c) ç̣ent, eare. (g) gentle. (s) i̤s.
(th) ẗhen. ch = k, as in ache.

Sometimes the pronunciation of a word can be best shown by respelling it with letters which show the exact sounds and nothing more; as, busy (bĭz'ĭ), choir (kwīr), etc.

Whenever you are in doubt about the pronunciation of a word, it is best to refer to a dictionary.

II. *Phonetic Exercises*

Pages 11–14. Give careful attention to the sound of *e* in each of the following words: —

level	depended	harvest	earth	merry
people	pointed	threshed	heard	lantern
candle	lifted	moment	early	children

Pages 15–21. Study these words carefully. Notice the division into syllables, and pronounce correctly: —

squirrel	aged	every	idea	comfortable
nimble	capture	cylinder	droll	neighboring
naked	kicked	imagine	square	presently

Pages 22–28. Spell each of these words by sound; and notice the silent letters: —

bite	crisp	hue	such	pushes
five	twig	blue	just	bushy
hind	live	confuse	clutch	busy
climb	frisked	amuse	bunch	hurry
skies	drifts	excuse	autumn	burden

Pages 29–33. Spell by sound. Carefully notice the different sounds of *o*.

nose	rogue	top	done	shoe
hose	hopper	lost	once	who
grows	beyond	long	does	storm
grown	nobody	gone	wonder	work
shown	fellow	glove	nothing	apron

Pages 34–40. (*a*) Speak distinctly, observing carefully the different sounds of *a*: —

maple	places	began	large	small
faint	waiting	matches	sharp	draw
array	daisies	snapped	darken	any
repay	dainty	pattering	heartless	says

(*b*) Practice speaking these words, being careful to give each letter its correct sound: —

grow	tower	sound	cool	stood
throw	shower	ground	food	brook
slowly	town	doubt	poor	looked
borrow	brown	mouth	school	would

Pages 41–47. (*a*) Observe the sounds of *c* and *g*: —

captain	circle	glitter	gentle
command	receive	eagle	general
curious	ocean	grind	engine
across	concealed	grand	generous

(*b*) Make a list of words containing the letters *igh*.

Pages 48–61. *b, p; d, t; j, ch.*

bear	pear	did	top	join	choice
baby	papa	Dicky	feet	jerk	church
bobbing	popping	nodded	trotted	ridge	reach

Pages 62–65. *thr, tion, ous, ew.*

through	vacation	famous	dew
throng	promotion	joyous	few
thrush	starvation	dangerous	crew
thrice	examination	tremendous	knew

Pages 73–77. Pronounce with care: —

inquired	kissed	lifts	an ax
answered	pressed	lifted	an old friend
uttered	rested	oft	an idle boy
sheltered	confessed	often	the old tree
remembered	addressed	soften	an old oak

Pages 78–94. *f, v; w, wh; sh.*

fellow	value	wife	whiff	shook
after	every	were	where	shore
offer	over	wasted	whetted	foolish

Pages 95–100. Spell by letter and by sound: —

mind	haste	length	else
chime	hero	truth	elder
sublime	human	runneth	elm

Pages 101–120. Pronounce each syllable very carefully: —

(*a*)	distance	presence	ancestor	governor
	entrance	confidence	counselor	splendor
	contrivance	difference	proprietor	clamor
(*b*)	taught	gauzy	dough	rough
	naught	saucy	although	cough
	naughty	cause	bough	drought
(*c*)	cheapness	required	glimmered	decided
	kindness	admired	withered	directed
	greediness	retired	hindered	uprooted

Pages 120–134. (*a*) Notice especially the last syllable of each word. Spell by sound: —

intent	notion	favorite	fatigue
absent	potion	opposite	confuse
diligent	action	exquisite	arrive

(*b*) *ph* = *f* *un* (not) *re* (again)

Philip	unable	unwieldy	repay
Philonicus	unbroken	unknown	repeat
Bucephalus	ungovernable	untold	restore

Pages 135–136. Practice speaking these words, and add others to each column as you can think of them: —

beset	forest	reached	climbed
besought	earnest	touched	beamed
believed	wisest	scorched	stemmed

Pages 137–167. Pronounce, aloud and distinctly, the words in each list. Then repeat them in a whisper as distinctly as possible: —

(*a*)

frightened	giant	material	thrusts
happened	verdant	principal	fists
fastened	ignorant	natural	beasts
hastened	expectant	mineral	nests

(*b*) Pronounce, and repeat by syllables: —

ex cite ment	pas ture	ha zy	cu ri ous
in stru ment	crea ture	diz zy	va ri ous
em ploy ment	vul ture	a mazed	cau tious
im pris on ment	ven ture	ag o nized	am bi tious

(*c*) Practice speaking these words, and notice the silent letters: —

knotty	twelve	prey	endure	peep
knuckle	dwelt	obey	secure	people
knobs	depth	obeyed	issue	popular
knight	depths	neighed	duties	pupils

Pages 167–177. *v, ch = k, pt, tt.*

violet	Arachne	swept	flutter
violent	echo	crept	twitter
velvet	echoing	except	bitterly

Pages 178–190. *sh, sc, ct, ster.*

slash	scared	scolded	insect	songster
splash	scamper	scarlet	expect	monster
bush	scattered	scarcely	respect	minister

Pages 191–201. Pronounce and spell by syllables. Notice carefully each silent letter.

miserable	accomplish	raccoon	practice
venerable	account	moccasin	crevice
parable	accustomed	acquainted	apprentice

Pages 201–220. Spell by sound, and notice any peculiarities in the sounds of certain letters: —

whiff	guest	Xenophon	thatched
whiz	guard	extinguish	thanked
whistle	guessed	excellent	strength

III. *Review of Words*

[Find the meaning of each of these words. If necessary look in the dictionary for it. Use it in a sentence of your own.]

ac curs'ed	as a fĕt'ĭ da	buzz'ing
ac quaint'ed	asp'en	căr'a van
af fair'	awk'ward	căr'ol ing
af fec'tion	bär'on	cau'tious ly
af flict'ed	ba zäar'	chănt
a muse'ment	bel'fry	char'ac ter ized
an'guish	blithe'some	chĭr'rup
an'ĭ mal	bril'liant	com part'ment
anx'ious ly	bus'y bod y	coun'cil

coun'se lor
cur'tain
dān'ger ous
dĕa*f*'ened
del'i ca cies
dī'a mond
dif'fi cul ty
dis eaṣe'
dodg'ing
dy'nas ty
ĕa*r*'nest ly
el e men'ta ry
en'e mies
er rā'ta
ex am'ine
ex cite'ment
ex pē'rĭ enced
ex'quĭ sĭte
ex tiṇ'guish er
ex trav'a gant
fair'ings
fa tĭgue'
fer'tĭle
ferule (fĕr'o͞ol)
fla miṇ'go
fōr'ci bly
fō*r*e'*h*ead
fôr ti fi ca'tions
fur'ni ture
gā'bies
gauz'y
*g*narled
griev'ous ly
hedge'row
hĕr'it age
ho rī'zon
hor'ror
ho'ṣen
im ag'ine
im'pu dent
in'ter est ed
in'trĭ cate
*k*nuck'les
laṁ'en ta ble
mān'ġer
mas sa'cre
ma tē'ri al
mēre'ly
mĭn'a ret
mosque (mŏsk)
mûr'mur
mys tē'ri ous
neç'es sa ry
o ā'sis
op'po ṣĭte
or'na ment
pal'ace
palanquin
(pal an keen')
per fume'
per'son age
po lice'man
port fo'li o
pred'e ces sor
pres'to
prin'ci pal
prob'a bly
pro fes'sion
prop'er ly
pro vok'ing
quăg'mire
quōth
rā'di ant
re nowned'
rep u ta'tion
rev'els
road'bed
route (ro͞ot)
scôr'pi on
sĕr'aph
shrill
shrubs
squeal
squirm
squir'rel
star'tle
subtle (sŭt'l)
sug gest'
swāth'ing
thatched
t*h*ȳme
tōll
true'some
tûr'ban
tȳr'an ny
u nan'i mous ly
ū'ṣu al ly
ves'tige
vex ā'tion
vĭne'yard
wä'di
wī'ly
wĭst'ful
yä*ch*t
year'ly

IV. *Proper Names*

Ah'med
Ạl'der grove
Al ex an'der
Ăr'ab
A rā'bi a
A raeh'ne
Ar'thur
A the'ni an
Ath'ens
Bed'i vere
Ben'ja min
Bē'vis
Blen'*h*eim
Bris'tol
Bu ceph ā'lia
Bu ceph'a lus
Bur'ling ton
Cām'bridge
Căm'den
Chee'ver
Chi'na
Chrĭs'*t*en dom
Crœ'sus
Çÿ'rus
Dark'diṇ gle
Da'vid
Deep'dell
Del'a ware
E gyp'tian
E liz'a beth
El'sie
Ep i mē'theus
Eu gene'
E ze'ki el
Fern'brake
Frank'lin
Gal'ĭ lee
Glŏuces'ter
Grey'fell
Gri'pir
Hä'med
Hăs'san
Hes'per us
Id'well
Ire'land
Jet'ty
Kas'par
Kay
Ko'ran
Lat'in
Lyd'i a
Ma'bon
Maç'e don
Marlborough (môl'brŭ)
Mas sa chu'setts
Ma to'ax
Mod'ron
Od'ys sey
Ouzel (o͞o zl)
Pan do'ra
Pĕr'ry bin'gle
Perth Am'boy
Pe'ter kin
Phil a del'phi a
Phil'ip
Phil o nī'cus
Po ca hon'tas
Pō'rus
Pow ha tăn'
Ra bŭn'ta
Sev'ern
Sieg'fried
So'lon
Stel'la
Tel lus'
Thes'sa ly
Tip pe ra'ry
U'ri el
Vĭr'gil
Wa-hun-son'a-cook
Wil'hel mĭne'
Wu-ling'
Xenophon (zĕn'o fon)

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